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Incorporating the Australian Home Beautiful

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

JUNE 4, 1952

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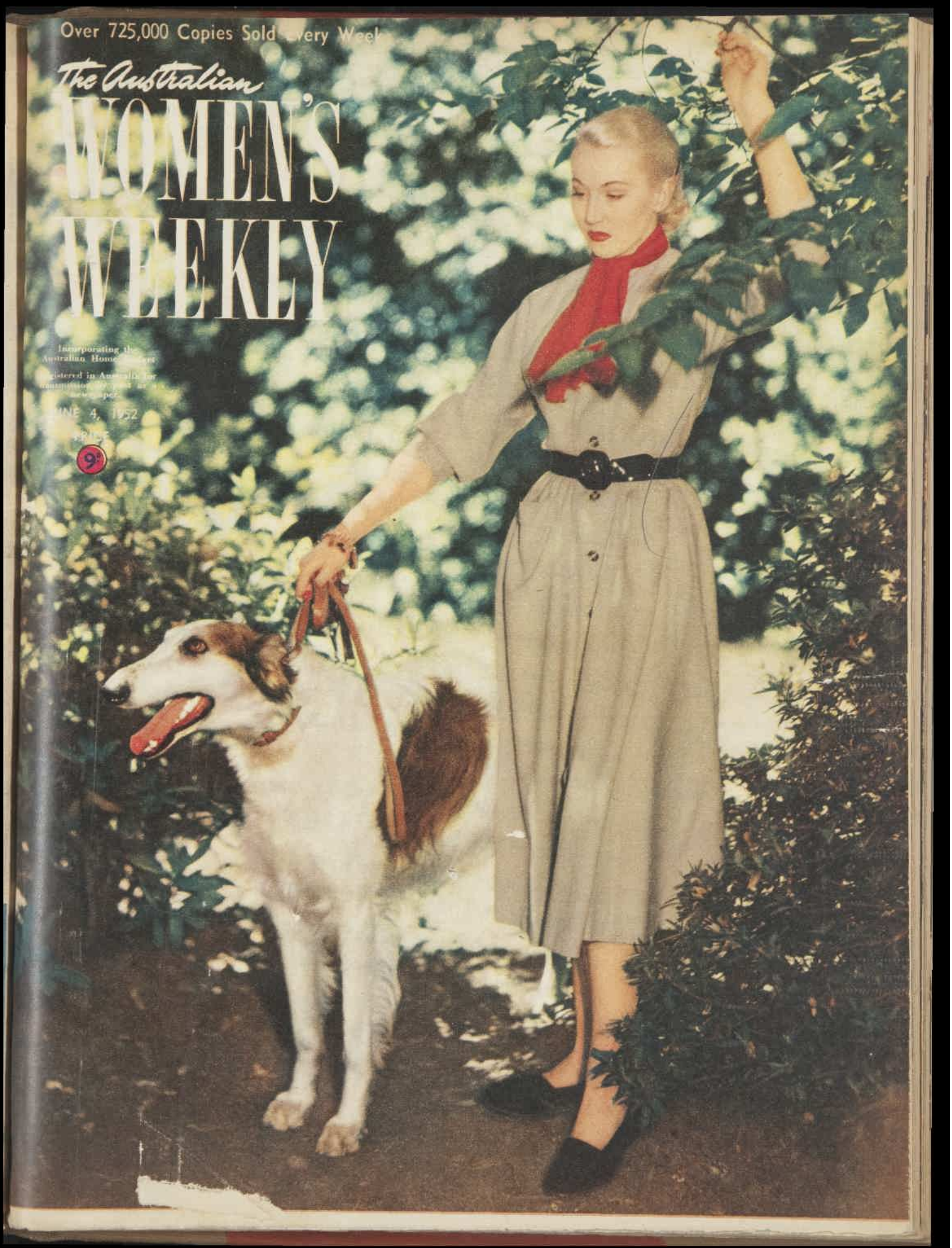

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SAM GREEN'S Good Deed

A gasp went up from the audience as Ossie examined the picture closely, then quietly bid, "One hundred guineas."

By ALBERT LEFEVRE

IT was almost six o'clock when I returned from my walk, and it was getting dark. The hotel looked deserted. It had been a mistake to come to this guest farm. Most of the people were elderly. They had come from Johannesburg to rest. By resting they understood doing nothing at all. They had paid for it and they were entitled to get it.

They got up just in time not to miss breakfast and spent most of the day sprawling on the verandah that surrounded the whole of the main building. Now the verandah was quite empty. The visitors were in their rooms dressing for dinner. I looked into the reading-room.

Only Sam Green was there, next to the radio, listening to his own particular brand of music—the Johannesburg Stock Exchange prices.

A frown of rapt concentration on his face warned me to preserve respectful silence until the announcer had finished mumbling his gibberish. On the first bars of Beethoven's Ninth Sam turned the knob off, smiled kindly at me, and simultaneously beckoned the bar steward.

"Got a good tip for me?" I ventured an opening gambit.

"Two Van der Hum specials," said Sam, "the way I like them."

"Before dinner?" I protested faintly.

"For the appetite," said Sam.

The steward tangoed away and Sam turned his benign countenance on me. "Never give tips." He waved his hand. "The sure way to lose a friend is to do him a favor."

"You've been reading up on psychology," I scoffed.

That evening after dinner Mr. Green lectured me on the stock market. I asked him whether he was a broker.

"Not me," he replied. "I'm Sam Green, jute bags, new and second-hand. Shares are a sideline with me."

"I hope a profitable one," I remarked. He brushed his fat hand over his friendly, grinning face and said, "Sometimes."

"And you still refuse to part with inside information?" I teased him. To my surprise he seemed to take my remark seriously. He took a long puff from his cigar and sat up straight.

"No hope," he said severely. "Never again will I do a friend a good turn. I haven't got enough friends to start chucking them away."

This piece of philosophy amused me. I detected a story. "Why the pessimism?" I asked. This was encouragement enough. If anything, Sam Green was short of good listeners, not of good stories.

It was like this, he began. I originally come from Groblersrus in the Free State. Now I'm as good a Johannesburger as any other man, but the first twenty years of my life I spent in the country, first going to school a little and then helping my dad at the hotel. When he died I sold it and went to Johannesburg and into business.

I was the first man to start repairing bags by machine, that's why I got on so quickly. And that's the beauty of Johannesburg, a man can use his brains and have something to show for it.

Philip Bawden, that's the chap I'm telling you about, was the son of our teacher, and that's the trouble with teaching—you can reach a hundred years, but you don't build up a goodwill and when you die there's nothing to sell or to leave to your children except an education—and what good is that?

Well, Philip became a painter and he went to Johannesburg shortly after me. We didn't see much of each other. I always had the idea he was doing pretty well for himself. Once or twice I saw his picture in the paper and you don't expect a chap who gets his picture in the paper to be starving, do you?

When I did see him from time to time he always looked as if he was going to a party, like one of the boys. That made me suspicious, but it wasn't my business to ask. He came to my wedding, of course, and he made a very fine speech and I thought it a nice idea for a toast "To the bride, the bridegroom, and the jute bags!"

Well, a few months ago I ran into him in town and he says, "Hello, Sam," and I say, "Hello Philip, how are you?" and he doesn't say anything and looks worried. So this time I do ask him whether anything is wrong and he says yes, he wants to get married. So I say since when is getting married a reason to look worried, and he says it isn't that. And I say if it isn't that, what is it?

I also have my troubles, with prices of jute jumping about like a canary on a bar and with income tax and one thing and another. Not that I mind paying my taxes. The government needs money, we all know that, but when it comes to deducting this and that from my expenses I don't like it. So I say, "Philip, if you don't like the girl, tell her now. If you wait until your honeymoon she might be disappointed."

Philip grins. He's got a way with him that is superior, if you know what I mean, but not with me. He likes me. He is a nice-looking boy, the type girls fall for, and I always thought he might marry a well-to-do girl. Well, at last he tells me what his trouble is. He needs money to get married, and to get it he's making a big auction sale of a lot of his pictures. He's just seen the auctioneer and things don't look so good.

Philip is not one of the big noises in the painting line. His pictures seldom fetch more than ten guineas or so. I always think guineas is the biggest racket ever invented; gives the seller a clear extra five per cent. When I pay I always make it pounds. My bags don't sell by guineas, and I'm not going to pay guineas.

The auctioneer has said, Philip explains, the prospects for the sale were not too good. The last few picture auctions were flops. A lot of people turn up and pick the gems, but the ordinary stuff they don't buy unless they get it for nothing.

"And who decides what are the gems and what is ordinary stuff?" I asked. "To me pictures are pictures."

"Sam," he says, "you stick to your bags, you understand them, at least."

"You needn't talk to me like that, Mr. Highhorse," I reply. "At least there's money in bags, and I'm glad I understand them. If you understand pictures, why don't you paint gems instead of ordinary stuff?"

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Sam Green's Good Deed

Continued from page 3

AT this he smiles, a little sadly it looks to me, and then he says: "The trouble is I, myself, think I'm painting gems, but the buyers don't think so."

"I want to have a look at them," I say. I always believe in seeing things for myself.

On the way to the auction room he tells me that he's banked on this sale for enough money not only for his honeymoon but also for his living for at least another year or so. The girl he wants to marry he describes as if she was one of those gems he's trying to paint. But she hasn't got a dime, and he feels he can't marry her without at least enough money to last a little while. With that I fully agree.

At last we arrive at the auction room and I look around and I think I'm dreaming. No wonder people don't want to buy these pictures. My friend Philip Bawden paints nothing but heads of natives! Can you imagine? The whole of South Africa is full of natives.

Can you imagine anybody who spends his whole day with worries over natives and the foolish things they do wanting to hang their picture in his drawing-room, so that when he comes home the picture reminds him of this troubles during the day?

At the back of my mind I had hoped he might have made a picture or two of Groblersrus, perhaps of the church, that's one of the nicest in the whole Free State, or of our hotel.

Well, when I see all this I know the position is pretty serious and I make no bones about it as I talk to Philip. He demolishes me with a glance, but I know he wouldn't be worried if he himself didn't have doubts.

Just then Romstein, the auctioneer, joins us. I know him, because he handles the customs sales and I've bought job lots from him quite a few times. He asks me how I like the pictures, and I speak my mind. He says I'm wrong, and that surprises me, for Romstein is a businessman like myself.

"Philip is one of our finest painters," he says, "only he is not yet recognised. He hasn't got the name."

I think to myself it might be sales talk, and perhaps he can see the doubt written on my face, for he takes my arm and leads me up the stairs. The whole of the first floor is full of pictures, most of them not even unpacked. He draws one from behind a case and shows it to me. It is also a native picture. If I had to make a choice I woudn't know whether to choose this one or one of Philip's.

"This is a Horder," he says. "It'll come up next week and it won't fetch less than seventy-five guineas."

I begin to understand the game. It's the same with pictures as with shares. You can't sell the stuff unless you make a market. You've got to convince the public they're on to something big, but once you've done that there's no telling what price a picture might fetch.

It doesn't take me ten seconds to think out a plan. I call Philip upstairs from out of his corner where he is sulking, hating me for telling the truth, and I give him my idea.

"It's easy," I say. "All you have to do is make a fifty-fifty deal with this fellow Horder. You paint pictures and he puts his name underneath. There'll be, on a quick calculation, a couple of thousand in it for each of you."

It was like giving a vegetarian diet to a lion. Was Philip grateful? You would have thought I was his worst enemy, the way he turned green and walked downstairs. I should have seen there and then that the quickest way to lose a friend is to try to help him.

But then suddenly I got a different idea, and I'm certain it's a winner.

"When is the auction?" I ask Romstein.

"To-morrow morning," he says.

I find Philip downstairs looking as if some crooks have got away with his girl.

"Philip, I want to buy a picture from you," I address him.

"Which one?"

"Doesn't matter which one, any will do." And then I think. "Better make it two, or wait a minute, I'll take four."

He shakes my hand and says, "Thanks awfully, Sam, your intentions are really good, but four pictures won't save me. I've got to sell them all, or most of them anyway, and at decent prices." Still the boy is polite. I can see that even to a painter a customer is a customer.

IT strikes me that I mustn't tell him of my plan, because Philip might not have enough sense to see the point, so I say, "I'm not going to pay any fancy prices. I want four pictures and I'll pay you forty pounds, not a penny more."

Romstein smells business and he takes me towards the back where some small paintings are hanging and says, "These four here you could have for forty guineas."

"Why the small ones?" I ask. "I want some of those over there."

"Those will be fifteen guineas each."

"Fifteen pounds and we can close." Even for a friend I won't depart from my principles.

Romstein wants to take the pictures down, but I stop him. "There's one condition," I say.

"What's that?"

"I want my pictures sold at the auction and they've got to be the first four."

"Then why on earth do you want to buy them?" asks Philip.

"Certainly not to look at them," I reply. "I employ over three hundred natives in my bag repair section alone — that's a nice variety, every tribe and every age."

Romstein and Philip shrug their shoulders as if they think me a little off the rails, but we close the deal.

"If the auction is a flop, I'll have to ask you for a job," remarks Philip. I tell him that the only painting done in my business is names on bags for the big mills.

That afternoon I get busy. I call in Ossie Snyman and Stan Brown, two of my regular job buyers. They go around to the mills and ore mines. You've got to be sharp in that game. You've got to know what you're buying, otherwise you lose your boots.

In olden times when I, myself, went on the road I could assess a heap of bags within five per cent. just by looking at it once. Ossie is no worse than I used to be. He's got greyish hair and wears rimless glasses. People say he looks like an intellectual. But don't make a mistake. Ossie has brains.

So I tell Ossie and Stan of my scheme and to Ossie I give one thousand and fifty pounds. That's one thousand guineas. Then I give them the details and they see the point right away and Ossie asks whether I mind if he quickly goes to buy a couple of pictures from Philip, but I put my foot down.

We go over it again and we can't find a flaw. Ossie and Stan may be well known in the trade, but nobody has ever seen them at a picture auction.

I know it would be safer to stay at the office the next morning, but I simply can't keep away from the auction. I don't want to miss it. At a quarter to eleven nobody has arrived except six rows of empty chairs, and I get a little worried. Unless the possible buyers are there my whole plan is no good.

But soon people begin to trickle in. Some of them look to me like dealers, but most of them are women, and they are certainly genuine buyers. One looks like a jeweller's showcase and Romstein tells me she's Mrs. Rumbold. Her husband is in soft goods, you must have heard about him, he could afford to buy all the pictures in Johannesburg at prices decent or indecent.

When Romstein starts the auction there is not a vacant seat left. Sitting near the back I can see Stan on the right, but I don't notice Ossie. Two natives hold up the first of my pictures and turn it about so that everyone can see what he is bidding for.

This does not interrupt the buzz of conversation, but Ossie's next move does. He jumps up from his chair and speaking loudly through his nose as if he was an American, he says, "Auctioneer, can you guarantee that this is a genuine Bawden?"

That is the one thing Romstein can and he says so. He takes full advantage of the question. He tells the audience that on account of the number of fake Bawdens that were being foisted on the public he has taken the precaution of having every single piece on sale that day identified by the painter himself.

"That's good enough," drawls Ossie, apparently quite satisfied. Even I am impressed when this dignified American pseudo-citizen walks slowly towards the picture and examines it through a magnifying glass. Romstein fusses a little impatiently, but he is not going to discourage his most promising customer.

When Romstein calls for bids Ossie says quietly, "One hundred guineas."

Romstein seems suddenly to come to life, and a suppressed murmur arises from the audience, but a moment later the noise is interrupted by Stan's raucous shout: "One hundred and fifty."

"Two hundred." It is Ossie again.

"Two hundred," mechanically repeats Romstein. "Two hundred, two hundred. Any advance on two hundred?" He does not have to wait long.

"Two-fifty," calls out Stan.

The boys are enjoying themselves. Ossie frowns, purses his lips, and plays his part better than any old actor could have. Stan keeps up a determined attack. He is shining in his Sunday suit with his face freshly washed and shaved.

When the boys arrive at six hundred they let Romstein do some persuading. At eight-fifty Ossie repeats the stunt with the magnifying glass. Romstein has still no idea what is going on. Even at a thousand he tries to entice another bid from Stan, and I think he is disappointed that the bidding has finally come to an end.

Triumphantly Ossie takes possession of the picture and tenderly wraps it in a rug like a new-born babe. Then slowly he starts to count out the notes. Everything is played out in front of the audience with not a false move. Ossie holds their attention and interest from beginning to end. There is an excited murmur of talk. It is a sensation. A thousand guineas for a picture by a South African!

When the second of my pictures comes up I grow tense. This is the moment! But there is no need to worry. Mrs. Rumbold starts the bidding at a hundred guineas. She has to maintain her reputation as a connoisseur of art.

I didn't stay right up to the end of the auction. By the time I left most of the pictures were sold and none below seventy-five guineas. I myself had come out well. Not that I'd wanted to make a profit, but it shows you it pays to have ideas.

The other three pictures brought over five hundred pounds, so counting commission and all that, I made a clear three hundred pounds. And on top of that I kept the picture Ossie bought for me. You may not believe it, but it's hanging over the fireplace at home. After all, I did buy it for a thousand guineas. Must I tell my friends that I bought it from myself?

You would think Philip was grateful, wouldn't you? After all, he must have realised a good few thousand pounds at that auction. Romstein told me a little while ago the auction made him. His pictures are certain sellers and the prices have remained more or less the same. He should be thankful, shouldn't he?

The truth is that he didn't even invite me to his wedding. Since the day of the auction I haven't seen him once. He told Romstein he considered mine the meanest trick ever played by a friend. You see, he thinks I somehow got to know about the American collector, meaning Ossie, who wanted to buy that one picture at any price and thinks I engineered our meeting the day before the auction so that I could make a profit.

Tragic, isn't it? You might think that Romstein could have cleared up the misunderstanding. But he didn't. I asked him why not and he said he just didn't have the heart.

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The Patient at PEACOCKS HALL

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

DR. ANN FOWLER is puzzled and annoyed when her foreign patient, PETER GASTINEAU, begs for help on behalf of the widow of his dead friend, M. MAURICE.

She undertakes the case only to be rid of Gastineau's urgent pleading. But when, after an apparent confusion of arrangements, she finally visits the patient at Peacocks Hall, Gastineau's large home, she finds not the foreign woman she expected but the film star FRANCIA FORDE, who, during the war, married Ann's fiance, DR. JOHN LINNETT.

Francia seems only to be under the influence of alcohol, and Ann, badly shaken by the encounter with her, leaves hastily, only to receive a further shock next day when John Linnett turns up at her home.

A sudden urgent summons takes her away from him back to Peacocks Hall, where she now finds Francia dangerously drugged with dormital, which had previously disappeared from her car. Horrified at the attempt to involve her in murder, Ann calls in NURSE TOOLEY, then determines to have the matter out with Gastineau. Ann continues her story.

I GAVE Nurse Tooley the necessary instructions with regard to the patient and told her to call me the moment she thought she noticed any change, and then I let myself out of the bedroom into the dark upper hall and went downstairs.

The old house was very quiet and oddly serene. Its very naturalness made the horror around me seem worse and more peculiarly my own. It was as though I had brought it there.

I knew my way about, of course, and, making as little noise as possible, I walked into the sitting-room and across it before Gastineau was aware of my coming.

He was sitting in his chair by the fire, and the room looked just as it always did, very comfortable and civilised. The desk was just as untidy as when I'd seen it last, and the little drawer which Gastineau had closed so quickly was still shut. It looked as though nothing had been touched.

I walked straight over to it, ignoring him, and pulled it open. There were all kinds of rubbish there—string, paper clips, a roll of tape; but no blue pamphlet.

The man behind me did not move. His eyes had been on me ever since I entered, but he had not stirred. His stiff legs were turned to the blaze and his hands remained in his lap. As I shut the drawer he smiled at me.

"You did notice? I wondered, but I wasn't sure. It was a bad moment for me. I thought I would be on the safe side." He nodded at the fire pointedly.

I pulled up a chair opposite him and sat down, and as I did so I caught a glimpse of myself in a long narrow mirror on the farther wall.

It startled me. I looked much younger, much more feminine and less impressive than I had thought. I wondered if he really did see me as just a pretty girl. If so, it was an image that had to be dispelled.

"Look here," I announced as unequivocally as I knew how. "I want an explanation."

His eyes met mine and I was aware of a sort of quietude, a contentment which I had not seen there before.

"But of course you do," he agreed. "How understandable that is. But I don't think it is wise."

It was the last attitude I had expected him to take. I had to struggle to keep the initiative.

"That's for me to decide."

"Perhaps so." He offered me a cigarette-box from the telephone table at his elbow, and, when I refused, took one himself.

"What do you want to know?" He was pleasant and conversational. We might have been talking of anything in the world.

"When did Madame . . . Miss Forde go to Barton Square?"

"A little over a week ago."

"Why did she go there?" If he preferred to do it this way, I did not mind. I was not moving unless the nurse called me.

"I took her there," he said at last. "We had been dining together."

"And left her there?"

"Yes." He laughed at my expression and I had to take a grip on myself. I had known patients who had played the fool like this when they were monkeying with the truth.

"Explain," I snapped.

He hesitated for a long time and finally shrugged.

"You are a good doctor, I think. You probably saw for yourself that she had recently taken—what shall we call it?—a little sedative."

"In fact, you drugged her."

He spread out his hands. "Well, that is a theatrical way of putting it. I gave her an opiate. It is a prescription I have had for many years and have used myself when I had much pain. When she became sleepy I took her to Barton Square, where I had a very good friend who looked after her."

"And kept her prisoner?" I demanded, aghast.

"Not at all. She was persuaded to stay." He spoke easily and rationally, and it occurred to me that he had had experience in being questioned. There was something skilled in his little retreats and omissions.

"She waited until I could make arrangements and come to fetch her," he added.

"Do her friends know where she is now?"

For the first time I saw him waver.

"Perhaps not," he said at last. "You see, doctor, there is a little secret about Francia. It is the thing which tempted me to—well—to persuade her to come here in the way I did persuade her. Just before her last film was made she had some sort of a breakdown and it was discovered, with dismay, that she had taken refuge in alcohol."

I made no comment. He eyed me curiously, then went on talking.

"It was all kept very dark, you understand. An eminent specialist prescribed. She went into a nursing home and she was cured. Splendid. The incident was forgotten. The new film was made. Everyone was delighted. And then this magnificent offer from Moonlight came along, and she was photographed from morning to night—very successfully, I believe."

He paused, and I saw something so cold and so terrible in his face that I had to master an actual fear of him.

"I have kept a very careful eye on her for some time and I was one of the few who knew about that breakdown," he went on at last, adding calmly, "It occurred to me that such a thing could so easily happen again."

"That's abominable!" I exploded, and he watched me placidly.

"Do you think so? It was not very difficult to arrange at Barton Square, I assure you. She was angry and alarmed, and the alcohol was there. I did it because it was so convenient. You see, I felt certain that when she vanished those nearest to her would jump at once to a certain conclusion, and would probably keep quiet."

Still in the same calm voice, he added, "On the other hand, if they did not, and by some bad luck she was found before I was ready—well, all would appear to be just as they had feared. She had had a second 'breakdown.'"

The sheer wickedness of it appalled me. I leaned forward.

"And you brought her here in an ambulance because you knew no one would query it, getting a doctor to order it for you to make yourself doubly safe?"

"No." For the first time he came back at me and his dull eyes became bright and alive. "You are forgetting. I got not 'a' but 'the' doctor to order it for me, and to go to Barton Square, where she was noticed. I should not be surprised if you called considerable attention to yourself when you saw no ambulance there. Did you ask a policeman?"

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Francia's breathing was shallow now and very fast, and I tried vainly to read John's thoughts as he studied her.

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"I shouldn't have let him go in anger," Margaret said, as Bruce tried to comfort her.

A short story complete on this page

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

By Allan Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

THIS was the day for Peter Sansom to visit Pinehill again; it was also the day that the boy Bruce hated.

This morning, as he had done every other Sunday for the past year, young Bruce Joslin had walked to the end of the little township where the road wriggled down to the great plain beyond, and presently the train whistle echoed up to him and a streamer of smoke unravelled round the curve of the hill.

He waited, with a dull apprehension, for the train to pull into the dingy station; then he turned his back on the man who so regularly visited his mother and walked disconsolately back to the house.

Terry Baker was on the front lawn next door mending a puncture in the front wheel of his bicycle.

"Heard the train come in," Terry commented. "That feller here again?"

"He's here," Bruce said heavily.

"Never misses, does he?"

"He did once," Bruce answered. "But he was sick."

It was warm and comfortable in the sun, but there was no brightness in the day for Bruce. He sprawled out on the grass, staring through the picket fence at Terry's bike, and found himself filled with an intolerable wretchedness.

"Wish I could ride my bike again," he burst out.

"You can always use mine," Terry offered.

There was small consolation in that. Bruce had once ridden a red-and-chrome model, with speed rims, and handle-bars that curled forward like a bull's horns. It had been the most envied bike round here until the afternoon, blurred now to his memory, when he had been racing down the big hill and had skidded into an oncoming milk-van.

The accident had left him slightly crippled, with one leg a fraction shorter than the other. He seldom thought of the limp unless his mother unconsciously drew his attention to it. She seldom spoke of his disability, but sometimes, as she watched him limping about the house, he was aware of a sadness disturbing the usual tranquillity of her face.

"When is the fellow taking your bike away?" Terry asked. He was a year younger than Bruce, with a wild thatch of hair and a sharp, pointed face.

"To-day — next week." Bruce gave a disinterested shrug.

"Had a ride yet, since the fellow fixed it up?"

"Mum won't let me. You know how funny she is about accidents . . ." He paused, a pulse of anger in his voice.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Sansom? He won't bite."

Bruce shook his head vehemently. He had wanted to, often, but there was another fear in his frustrated world. A wariness of this new man about the house.

In time, Bruce vaguely reasoned, he'd outgrow his mother, but never Peter Sansom.

A familiar voice spoke to him. Bruce tried to make himself turn round and answer the man, but he knew what to expect and for a moment a wild surge of revulsion welled up in him.

Peter Sansom would be smiling, and his lips would twist in that maddening way, as though, inside himself, he was really laughing at Bruce. It was always the first thing Bruce was aware of about him—and the last.

"I saw you at the top of the hill," Peter said, standing over Bruce on the front path.

The boy stared down at his feet, his body taut with repugnance.

"I hoped—you might have been coming down to meet me."

"I was busy—Mr. Sansom." I won't turn around, Bruce thought, Why doesn't he leave me alone?

"I wanted to have a little talk. Had a ride on the bike yet since I repaired the spokes?"

Bruce clenched his fists. He is laughing at me, he thought wildly. Tantalising me — that's what he's doing.

"No. Not yet," he said chokingly. Then he added, "I'll be in later."

There were slow footsteps on the path, then an empty silence.

The day dragged for Bruce. It always did, when Peter came. He wasted the morning in Terry's backyard, reluctant to go in when his mother called him early for lunch. But her Sunday voice was one of authority and he was shrewd enough not to antagonise her when the man was around.

He entered the house quietly. The hall was clouded with the tempting smells of a baked dinner, but his resentment and hostility counteracted his normal appetite.

The muted voices of Peter and his mother drifted to him from the kitchen, but by the time he had finished splashing in the bathroom they were seated at the table and waiting for him.

"Have a good game?" Margaret Joslin asked her son. She was a small, fair woman with an attractive smile and large eyes.

Bruce nodded. "Not bad. We mended Terry's puncture."

Margaret paused in serving the vegetables. "Bicycles," she said deliberately, "will be the death of that boy."

Peter's jaw twitched. "Why not drop the subject?" he said.

Margaret stared at him. "This happens to concern my son."

"I'd like him to be my son, too. You mollycoddle him."

"He's had the disadvantage of an accident."

"So have hundreds of other children," Peter said. "Or did you think your son was the only one?"

Bruce glanced covertly from one to the other, from his mother's tense face to Peter's mouth, not smiling now but set in a hard, angry line. He thought, with sudden hope, if they fight badly enough perhaps he'll never come back.

The meal progressed in silence. Bruce sat looking down at his plate, eating only because his mother was watching him and anxiously waiting for the quarrel to be rekindled.

Finally, to his acute disappointment, he was told to leave the table and play outside.

The afternoon was interminable. Terry swung on the front gate and tried to cajole Bruce into a bike-ride down the big pine hill, but Bruce steadily refused. He felt worried now and bewildered, with more to think about than bikes.

Try as he would, he could not help knowing that Peter meant a lot to his widowed mother. Uncomfortably, he remembered how she had once tried to explain to him what it would mean to have another man about the house—a new kind of companionship, love for her, and comfort . . .

The sun was gone from the western sky when Peter finally came out to say good-bye.

"Too bad you can't use the bike," he said to Bruce. "Your mother—just doesn't seem to understand. She's afraid of another accident. You know how women are . . . She's thinking only of your safety."

Bruce listened politely, his mind a blank. He stared at Peter, then lowered his glance, unsure of himself, to where the bicycle rested up against the garage wall.

Peter talked a while longer, then abruptly left the boy. For a few minutes Bruce stood twirling the bike pedals as he tried to sort out his incoherent thoughts, then he wandered back into the house.

There was a strange stillness inside. The air seemed oppressive with an invisible gloom; with something lifeless and unhappy. He called out to his mother and found her in the bedroom, seated at the dressing-table.

She looked miserable and dejected, one hand rumpling her usually neat hair. Affection and an uneasy sense of guilt stole over Bruce; he moved towards her and clumsily caught her hand.

"He's . . . gone," he said.

Margaret Joslin pressed his fingers to her cheek. "I shouldn't have let him go. Not like that—in anger."

Bruce drew a deep breath. "It doesn't matter. Why does he have to come here evey week-end? He fixed up the bike just to tease me. He knows you won't let me ride it, and yet he fixed it as good as new—just out of spite. He's mean. I'm glad he's gone."

Margaret stared at her son in dismay.

"But he fixed it because he wanted you to use it again," she said. "He insisted that I let you ride with young Terry next door. He says you're old enough to take responsibility—that, if he were your own father . . . But I won't have that bike anywhere near me."

She glanced, with pity, at his shorter leg. "Next time he can take it with him; sell it, give it away, whatever he likes."

"Next Sunday?" Bruce asked.

Her face crumpled. She shook her head and turned away from him.

Bruce was not sure why he followed Peter Sansom. He realised only that something was terribly wrong between his mother, the man, and himself. Something he had to set right before it was too late.

He wheeled the bicycle out of the garage, on to the side lawn so that his mother would not hear him. Then he mounted, wavered unsteadily for a while, and grimly pedalled down the street.

There was no exultation, no inner excitement stirring within him. He felt, instead of the triumph he desired, an incredible dismay that he might not reach Peter Sansom before the train came in. He wanted to explain about the bike, about the love and companionship his mother needed.

Now he was over the crest of the hill and riding faster and faster down the incline, keeping to the centre of the road, away from the loose gravel edges. Peter had had a good start, but in a few minutes the distance separating them amounted to no more than a hundred yards.

Bruce yelled to him and Peter turned. The boy called again, insistently, and as he waved and slowly squeezed the hand brake, the rubbers slipped on the rear wheel. He skidded a little without losing his balance, but as he tried to pull up the cable snapped and the bicycle shot forward down the hill.

Faintly he heard Peter shouting; in a haze of heart-pounding terror, he saw Peter jump sideways out of the path of the bike. He slewed frantically to one side, into the gravel, out of the gravel and over the bank.

Then, all arms and legs and blind, paralysing fear, he was rolling and tumbling into a grass-tufted watercourse, twenty or thirty feet down the slope of the embankment.

There was a ton weight pinning him into the earth, and as he opened his eyes he saw a flash of silver as the front wheel spun round in front of him.

There seemed no breath in his leaden body, no life. Through the silver circle of the wheel was the clear skyline of the road above him. Then, as he lay there, immobile with shock, Peter Sansom came running into view.

"You're all right?" he cried anxiously.

Bruce moved his head, then, tentatively, one arm, one leg. Everything worked.

"Yes. It's only . . . only a spill."

The wheel spun slowly, blurring Sansom's dark face. And as it stopped he heard the man laughing. Laughing! When I might have been killed, Bruce thought with wild antagonism. That's all he cares about me, about my mother. What's funny about a spill?

All at once he heard more laughter. But this time it was his own! Nervously it bubbled to the surface, then broke free.

It was funny; two rides, two falls. He wasn't even hurt.

"We won't tell your mother," Peter was saying as he lifted the machine clear of the boy. "No damage to the bike, either."

Bruce found his right voice. "She'd be terribly angry."

He grinned at Peter and suddenly he discovered that he hadn't even noticed the twist of his lips as he smiled. He hadn't been aware of it at all. Peter wanted him to ride. Peter wasn't scared of spills . . .

"What did you want me for?" Peter asked, as he helped the boy up on to the road.

Bruce looked at him again, and smiled.

"Let's go home," he said shyly, "and I'll tell you."

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To Paris with LOVE

A short story by JEAN FITZ

IT was Esther Elliott's trip abroad that started it. If Esther hadn't succumbed to the lure of the travel-folders or, rather, the snob-appeal of a European vacation, Ginny Curtis would have gone on dreaming and reminiscing of Paris as all girls in a strange and lonely city dream of their home town.

Ginny had been living in New York for more than a year, but she was still homesick for Paris. Paris, Ontario, that is.

And if Esther's boss, Larry Gates, had taken his vacation during her absence, as planned, and Ginny hadn't fallen blindly, sickeningly, hopelessly in love with him . . .

Not that Ginny appeared blind, hopeless, or even mildly sick the September morning Esther triumphantly reappeared at the law offices of Jones, Peterson, and Gates. In fact, to the returned voyager, the industrious little stenographer, file clerk, and assistant to the secretaries of the Messrs. Jones, Peterson, and Gates looked positively radiant—and unexpectedly chic.

"Or is it these darn glasses!" Esther whipped off her new gold-studded tortoise-shells, bought on the edge of the Rue de la Paix, and perched on Ginny's desk for a closer scrutiny.

"New hair-cut," she said, eyeing Ginny's penny-bright curls. "You made a mistake. They're letting it grow in Paris."

Ginny's dark-lashed eyes, the color and lustre of moonstones, flashed wide. "Really! What about skirts and . . ."

"Short," Esther said crisply, "and tight." She smoothed her own sleek hips affectionately. "Any word from Mr. Gates since I've been gone? Will he be back to-day, too?"

"Oh, yes," Ginny said quickly. "He's here and I've already taken his dictation. I've been doing it ever since you left. His sister had appendicitis and he never went away."

She tried to toss it off casually, as she'd planned all week-end, anticipating Esther's reaction, and dreading it. Because, of course, she'd known all along that Esther, too, was blindly, sickeningly, if not hopelessly, in love with Larry Gates. And, of course, she'd known that for an entire year Esther had deliberately kept her, Ginny, from any personal contact with the junior partner, at the same time that she had loaded her with his work—and her work.

The glow and the suntan, acquired aboard ship, faded abruptly from Esther's face. She stood up slowly and began to laugh — unpleasantly.

"Now I get it," she said. "You've been taking the thirty-day improvement course—for him! Tell me, did you have to sign photo-releases on the before-and-after pictures? Will we see you in the magazines? Not that it wasn't necessary, dear," she added sweetly. "But I imagine it didn't get you far with Mr. Gates? Or did it?"

"No," Ginny said, her eyes blazing. "But you could hardly compare a campaign of thirty days to one of four years!"

Thus Ginny declared war—and it was like Formosa challenging China, or Belgium the Soviet Union. Not only was Esther Elliott her superior as secretary to Mr. Gates and in years of service with the firm, but she was armed with the deadly weapons of beauty, sophistication, and know-how.

In the four brief weeks Ginny had been substitute secretary she'd learned how important the know-how could be in taking phone calls from a Mr. Brown, in admitting or denying admittance to an ambiguous Mr. Carter, in protecting a busy young lawyer from unnecessary stress and annoyance.

Of course, the legal briefs, correspondence, and myriad reports were a cinch, since she'd been typing them for Esther for months. Nevertheless, all the time she'd been falling in love with Larry she had been pitifully aware of her own inadequacies as his private secretary.

At the sound of a familiar buzzer, Esther picked up her notebook and sauntered towards Larry's office.

"Always walks as if she had a book on her head," Ginny thought savagely. "Me, I scurry in like a pack rat, dropping memos, pencils—oh, nuts!"

From behind the closed door came the sudden trill of Esther's laughter. Ginny pressed her hot cheeks with her hands. Could they be laughing at her?

No, not Mr. Gates. One of the reasons she and every other girl in the office adored him was that he was so kind, so considerate. You somehow didn't expect gentleness from a big, stern-visaged man like Larry Gates, especially with his reputation as a brilliant scrapper in the law courts, a man about town.

You didn't expect a man like Larry to be a bachelor either, not at twenty-nine. Not with the number of beautiful women who called him or called for him at the office, and a determined and glamorous girl-Friday like Esther Elliott.

Ginny, unlike even the forty-year-old secretaries, hadn't been over-impressed by the Gates legend, the Gates physique, or the friendly Gates good-morning—until Esther checked out.

"If a man isn't married up in Paris, Ontario, by the time he's twenty-five there's something wrong with him," she'd confided to Amy at the switchboard. "With Gates I imagine it's chronic swelled head."

"But it isn't," she thought now, hammering the typewriter to drown out another ripple of Esther's warm laughter.

If anything, Larry had been shy with her, relieving her own timidity. He'd dictated slowly, too slowly, until she'd told him he could speed up. And, while he had not asked her one personal question in the entire month, she'd felt from the first hour that he cared about who she Ginny Curtis, was, where she came from, and where she chose to go. Although he had certainly not commented on her new hair-do, she was positive he'd noticed it and liked it.

Now, scornful of her naivete, Ginny knew it had been an act. "He does that with all the girls," she thought. "That's why they . . . we . . . fall for him."

But it isn't easy to pick up your marbles and go home—not when you've lost your best aggies. Especially not when you've practically challenged the winner to another game!

Esther came out of the inner office in obvious good humor, her color high. "I've just been telling Mr. Gates all about Paris," she said. "He may have to fly over himself in October, on that Chapelle import case."

"How long were you in Paris?"

"Five glorious days and nights. Believe me, I saw everything from the most Bohemian little bistros to Dior's latest collection . . ."

"Well," Ginny said brightly. "I lived in Paris for years, but I was too young for the bistros, or even the corner saloon, and nobody in town had ever heard of Dior . . ."

"Have you really lived in Paris, Miss Curtis?"

Ginny pivoted dizzily at the sound of Larry's voice. Obviously on his way out to lunch, he had heard the brief interchange. Meeting his keen and interested brown eyes, once again she felt that she was the focus of his attention. In front of Esther it became terribly important to hold that attention.

The words she'd planned stuck in her throat, the absurd climax to her stupid little joke.

"I live in Paris, Ontario," she was going to say to Esther. "Where they wouldn't know a couturier from a hatrack or a bistro from a baseball park." But she couldn't say it now—not to the tune of Esther's mocking titter, Larry Gates' polite but unamused laughter!

"Why, yes," she said slowly. "I lived in Paris for eight years."

"You must speak French like a native."

"Oh, no! I've forgotten everything I ever knew." Desperately she tried to recall the few idioms and sentences she'd learned in high school. "La plume de mon oncle est sur la table," she blurted out suddenly, and then blushed.

"What?" Esther asked blankly.

"I said 'the pen of my uncle is on the table.'"

Esther's black eyes snapped from Ginny to the table and back again.

"But why? What's the point of that remark?"

"Oh, skip it," Ginny said. "I'm late for lunch." Purposefully she avoided glancing at Larry. If he knew any French, which Esther obviously didn't, he'd know she'd been fibbing about having lived in France. If not, well, it didn't matter anyway.

The peanut-butter sandwich stuck

"I said 'the pen of my uncle is on the table'," Ginny said hesitantly.

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The name of her birthplace was the first thing Ginny could think of when she openly revolted against Esther's domination

in her throat. Why not, with a lump the size of a goose egg rising to meet it. "I'm the goose," Ginny told herself, trying vainly to stem the tide of self-pity. Why, after a year of being a docile, friendly, and even eager flunky to Esther and the other partners' secretaries, was she now sticking her neck out for the axe?

With her efficient record she stood a good chance of stepping into one of her superiors' shoes, even Esther's slim pumps if Esther eventually captured Larry Gates, as the office staff prophesied. Now she'd certainly scotched that chance! Esther would do her darndest to have Ginny fired and replaced by another eager little beaver who would willingly take over the arduous part of her work.

Well, she could always go back to Paris and work in Dad's factory. Trouble was both Dad and Mother expected more of her than that, though, loving her, they'd never admit it.

Waiting for the elevator that would take her back to her job, Ginny smiled ruefully. If her family and friends had only seen her! Meek as a rabbit, scared as only a country mouse can be scared in a big city, for a whole year she'd been prey to all the arrogant girls like Esther, the attractive men like Larry.

Larry's door was open on an empty office and Esther, too, had left for lunch or the afternoon, when Ginny sat down at her desk to a stack of reports.

"Type these before you leave this evening," Esther had written on a memo.

FINALLY at seven Ginny finished. She snap-locked the office door behind her—the office to which neither Esther nor Larry had returned all afternoon. Home at last, in her small flat, Ginny imagined them having cocktails at the Plaza, then dinner and the theatre.

She was not fired in the weeks that followed, nor did Esther again unsheath her claws. Without an adversary, Ginny's spark of rebellion sputtered feebly and died. Even to straining and sensitive ears, Mr. Gates' pleasant "Good morning" or his occasional lingering at her desk to chat about the weather held no personal warmth or meaning.

If there was a summons to his office, Esther took it, as of old. And, as of old, she burdened Ginny's desk with briefs and correspondence.

The senior partners' secretaries unloaded on Ginny, too, and her work day often stretched from nine to nine

At eight-thirty on an Indian summer night in early October Ginny wilted at her desk. She still had a brief on the complicated Chapelle case to type for Mr. Gates, and suddenly, looking at the blank sheet in her machine, she hated him—and herself.

It wasn't Esther or the other girls who were responsible for her long hours, her postponed vacation, and her meek acceptance of a workload no self-respecting stenographer would bear. It was her stupid infatuation for Larry Gates, the half-buried hope that he might notice her dumb slavery and commend it.

In her adolescent dream she saw him dismissing Esther with scorn for having cheated on her responsibilities. She'd been playing Cinderella, weeping in the ashes, waiting for the prince to lift her in his arms, or at least to the chair beside his desk.

She ripped the page from her typewriter, tore it in two, and scrawled a note on the jagged half-sheet. "Do it yourself! It's your job!" she wrote. Clipping the copy and note together, she tossed them on Esther's desk and went home.

Ginny was purposely late to work the next morning. Esther was not at her desk and Larry's buzzer was ringing furiously. Hesitantly, Ginny knocked on his door.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Gates?" she asked.

"Yes," he said abruptly. "You can fly to Paris with me day after to-morrow for two weeks. I'll need help with . . ."

"Oh, no!" she cried, backing towards the door. "Oh, no!"

He stared at her incredulously. "You mean you don't want to go! Why, I thought any girl . . . If you're worried about the proprieties, Miss Curtis, relax. I've made reservations for rooms in separate hotels. I really need a competent secretary along to take notes, and you're familiar with most of the ramifications of the Chapelle case. Also, you've lived in Paris. You'll be invaluable."

"But Miss Elloitt," she said faintly. "What about her?"

"She doesn't know a single thing about this case. I found the last brief and your note on her desk this morning and quizzed her about it." He paused for a moment. "Anyway, she doesn't know Paris the way you know it. She's never lived there."

"Neither have I!" Ginny wanted to cry, but panic numbed her vocal cords. She stared blankly at Larry Gates as he paced his office rug. If he'd found her note he already knew she'd defied Esther and jeopardised her job. Surely the only reason he wanted her to go with him to Paris was because he thought she was familiar with that city and could speak French!

"You'll have to work fast, Miss Curtis," he said now. "I've cleared everything here at the office, so go home and take the rest of the time to make your personal arrangements. Just meet me at the airport on Thursday afternoon at one. We can have lunch together before the flight."

"Yes, Mr. Gates," she whispered.

"And one thing more. I've put through a voucher for an extra month's salary for you. You may need a few things for the trip—luggage or something. Remember, it's best to travel light. You can pick up your cheque from Miss Evans."

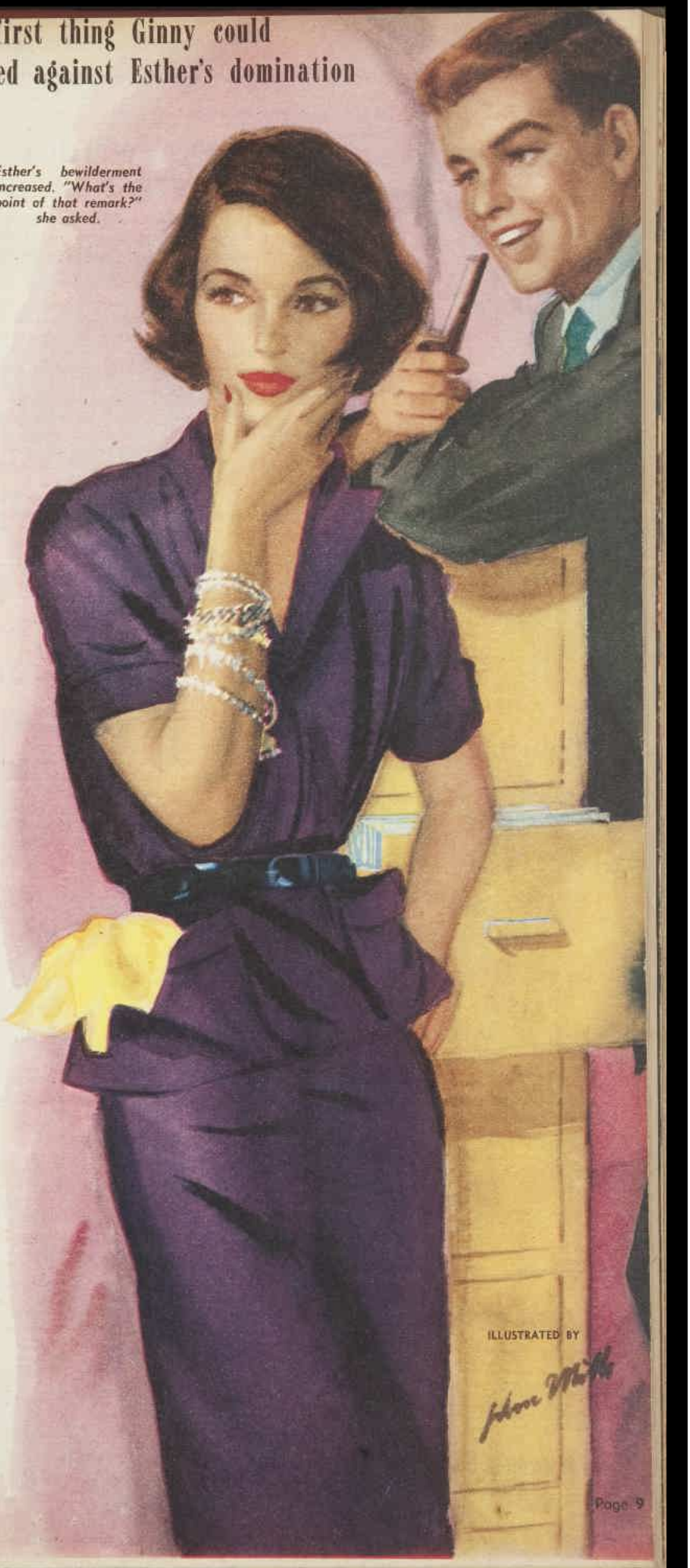
In a daze Ginny closed her desk, remembering to take some stenographers' notebooks with her, and collected her cheque. Miss Evans stared at her curiously, but made no comment.

"What's going on around here?" Amy asked as Ginny passed the switchboard on her way out. Ginny just shook her head slightly and walked on. Her steps quickened as she reached Fifth Avenue and turned south, but her mind was still stunned by the shock of what had happened.

When, miraculously, she found herself safe behind the locked door of her flat she fell on the couch and burst into tears, because she was so utterly miserable and so incredibly, ecstatically happy. She, Ginny Curtis, had been touched by the wand of a good fairy. In just forty-eight hours she would be wafted off to Paris with the man she loved beside her.

Not only that, but she had an extra month's salary to spend on nothing but finery for the trip. And, wonder of wonders, Larry had chosen her instead of Esther!

Please turn to page 43



Esther's bewilderment increased. "What's the point of that remark?" she asked.

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On one of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Morrant became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John — the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.

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Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 1 — June 4, 1952

OPERA WITHOUT FINANCE

THE combined N.S.W. and Victorian Opera Companies this year have achieved four months' continuous presentation, which was divided between Melbourne and Sydney.

But what has been achieved by the vision and hard work of the few can be consolidated and expanded only by the enthusiasm and help of the many.

Australia still has no permanent opera company.

Her singers are prima donnas for a day. All the bouquets and handclaps don't lessen the bitterness and disappointment of having to return to an unloved office desk or factory bench after the season is over.

The eminent Australian baritone John Brownlee broke off in the middle of his New York season to return home to sing in Sydney and Melbourne.

Other Australians overseas, it is hoped, will follow, but even singers like to eat sometimes, and patriotism shouldn't be the only inducement.

The operas so far have been available only to city dwellers.

However, the Queensland Opera Company has made a brave beginning by taking "Tosca" on the road.

Although Melbourne has plans and Sydney hopes, there is still no permanent opera house in any city.

Labor and materials for building are comparatively plentiful now for the first time since the war.

Perhaps now would be the best time to touch the pockets of the public to see just how deep its love of opera goes.

OUR COVER

The girl leading the borzoi is Betty Jackson, and the photograph was taken by Mr. H. H. Bartram, of Melbourne. Borzois, or Russian wolf-hounds, are considered by some dog authorities to be the most graceful of all dogs. The name is derived from a Russian word meaning swift.

This week:

● In 1895 a Polish writer, Henryk Sienkiewicz, published "Quo Vadis?", a story of ancient Rome which remained a best-seller for 25 years. In 1950 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a film of it at a cost of £2,500,000 (see pictures on centre spread). Some statistics about the production suggest where the money went. The cast included 29 leading players, 235 with speaking parts, 30,000 extras, 63 lions, seven bulls, 450 horses, two cheetahs, 85 white doves, and ten pigs. Altogether, Mr. Sienkiewicz, who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1905 and died in 1916, would probably be surprised and gratified at the enormous organisation necessary to get his work on to the screen.

● Story of the tour planned by the Mayor of Rochester, Kent, is told in this issue. Rochester has a special interest for readers of Dickens. He grew up there and lived there at the end of his life. The house where he died, Gad's Hill Place, is now a school. On High Street is the "Bull Inn," which is the "Blue Boar" of "Great Expectations." It figured, too, in "The Pickwick Papers." Tourists also like to look at the celebrated Coffee Room and the main stairway, where Mr. Jingle quarrelled with Dr. Slammer, and to view Mr. Pickwick's bedroom (No 17) and the rooms of Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle.

Next week:

● In color next week you will see what 35,000,000 Americans viewed recently on their television sets—the explosion of an atomic bomb at Yucca Flats, Nevada. Other color features strike a gentler note. They include pictures of the Borovansky Ballet Company's production of "The Sleeping Princess" and a page showing Australian girl athletes who will compete in the Olympic Games.

Come Bask in Sunshine

Dazzling blue waters invite you to swim . . . cruise . . . aquaplane . . . or fossick in colorful, teeming-with-life rock pools. Warm sands encourage you to bask, book in hand. Out beyond the reefs, fighting fish rise from the deep. People come from all over the world to marvel at the many-hued coral gardens of the Barrier Reef. You can be with these globe-trotters in a few hours flying time. Inclusive tariff of four guineas a day covers accommodation – epicurean menus . . . morning and afternoon teas . . . cabarets and motion pictures.

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BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

NOT for many years has Ernest Raymond written such a satisfactory novel as "A Chorus Ending."

The inspiration of a fresh, neat, and interestingly macabre plot gives his writing new life.

Mr. Filmer, a retired civil servant with a passion for tracking down stories of the past and the homes of the famous and infamous, comes to live in a small private hotel in the London suburb of Chalk Farm.

A fellow "permanent" is Miss Piers, thought by the other guests, at over 60, to look back only on a lifetime of timid conformity and good works.

She becomes Mr. Filmer's favored listener as he relates to her the results of his grisly researches.

The crime in which he is particularly interested took place nearly 40 years before in the district of Chalk Farm itself.

It was a particularly brutal and crude murder, the victim being a highly respected widow, Mrs. du Cray. Her daughter, Alfreda, and her fiance, a meek little librarian named Armidy, were charged and stood their trial.

As Mr. Filmer's ferreting into the past brings him closer and closer to the truth, Miss Piers, the only living person who knows the secret of the almost forgotten murder, relives in flashbacks the story of Armidy and Alfreda du Cray.

"A Chorus Ending" is published by Cassell. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

FRANCIS SIMONS' nervous, punchy style is extraordinarily well suited for the story he has to tell in "Don't Give Me a Mirror."

It is not a pretty story — more than a little sordid, without beauty or humor. Yet it has a tough, aggressive urgency that will keep readers interested to the end.

By the time he is 14, life has taught Dean the philosophy of "every man for himself."

At 24 he is earning six pounds a week in a scrap-metal business whose owner, Luke, he has for years seen successfully evade income tax.

When his 19-year-old wife Kate is going to have a baby, Dean decides to defraud his boss by the method he has seen Luke use in defrauding the Government.

But Dean is not made for big-time crime. Almost at once he begins to go to pieces, and, as he gets deeper and deeper into a situation he cannot handle, his actions become more tormented and reckless.

Normal only in his love for Kate and the baby, Dean, by theft, blackmail, and poison, acquires control of the business.

The cycle is complete when Holt, Dean's junior, begins to edge him out as Dean did Luke.

Our copy of "Don't Give Me a Mirror" is from the publishers, Shakespeare Head.

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Move over please

By Eustace L. Adams

WEARILY, on account of all the miles he had flown that day, Jim Malloy dropped his two suitcases outside the door of his new apartment.

The cabdriver divested himself of a locker trunk, a smoking-stand, and a fat bundle of framed photographs of Wendy Haywood, and departed.

Malloy inserted his key into the lock and twisted. Then he put his shoulder against the panel, but nothing happened. So he knocked.

The door came open a scant six inches. A girl's face appeared.

"I don't want anything," she said, and began to close the door.

Quickly Malloy jammed his foot between the door and threshold. "Sister," he said, "isn't this Apartmen 8B? And isn't this town San Francisco?"

"If this is a quiz programme," the girl said, "I'm too busy to play."

"Two weeks ago," Malloy said, "I paid the agent two months' rent. Coming in, a few minutes ago, the superintendent gave me my key."

"I had the superintendent telephone your office yesterday," said the girl. "Someone there said you were in Honolulu."

"I was in Honolulu yesterday."

"Then you have no business being here now," said the girl. "Also, I don't like strangers putting their big flat feet in my door."

"Big they could be, but they aren't yet flat. Besides, it's my door."

"That you'll have to settle with Tony. When he heard you were in Honolulu he said I could stay another week. Would you like to come in and telephone for a cab?"

"Well, I certainly would like to come in," Malloy said.

He scooped up his two suitcases and marched in.

"You can take those right back out again!" she said, her eyes blazing. "Just out of politeness I asked you ——"

"If I wouldn't come in."

Malloy planted his suitcases in the middle of the living-room and looked around. There were no signs of moving.

"I wouldn't want you to hurry, or anything," he said, "but I have a dinner date and I'd like to change out of my uniform."

The girl settled herself in a chair.

"I'm going to call the police," she said.

"If I had time," he said, "I'd look up the number."

The telephone buzzed. He reached for it. "Malloy speaking."

"Malloy who?" demanded a masculine voice.

"What Malloy did you want?" he snapped.

"The last thing I want is any Malloy," said the voice.

He hung up.

The phone rang again. The girl did not move quickly enough.

"You again?" Malloy asked.

"Listen," said the voice, "is this Dizzy Coleman's apartment?"

"Dizzy? Dizzy Coleman?" Malloy's grey eyes lighted. "Why, of course. You should have asked for Dizzy in the first place."

The instrument was snatched out of his hand.

"Oh, but you must, Frank!" Dizzy was saying. "You really can't before the day after to-morrow. That's bad . . . No, never mind about Malloy . . . Be quiet and let me explain, Frank. He—" She replaced the instrument on its cradle. "Frank is mad."

"You're breaking my heart," Malloy said. "I hate to harp on one subject, but if you're going to find a place to sleep to-night, hadn't you better be getting at it?"

Suddenly, just like turning on a faucet, Dizzy began to cry.

"Hey!" Malloy yelled. "Stop that! I can't stand crying women!"

"I—I can't afford any apartment I've been able to find," Dizzy said. Tears cascaded down. "I've looked all over San Francisco."

"If you're so broke," Malloy cut in, "how could you afford an apartment like this? I'm paying two hundred a month."

"You got gypped," Dizzy said. She was so indignant her tears ceased as if by magic. "We paid one fifty."

"Who's we?" Molloy demanded.

"Glenda and Mary and me. We worked in the same office. But Glenda got married and Mary had to go home because her mother was sick. I couldn't carry this apartment alone. I've been hunting, and so has Frank."

"Obviously a tower of strength for you," Malloy said. "Did you tell him you didn't have a place to sleep in to-night?"

"But I do have a place," Dizzy said. "This place."

Malloy sighed and picked up the telephone. He called Stub Ames and Hank Baker without success. Then he tried one hotel after another.

"I'm hungry," Dizzy announced.

Malloy glanced towards the kitchenette. "Food supplies don't come with a furnished apartment," he said. "So by all means help yourself."

"I ate everything up when I thought I was going to move. And I don't dare go out. I might not be able to get back in."

Suddenly Malloy felt alarmed. He always took Wendy Haywood to dinner the first night he came home. But if Dizzy suspected that he might lock her out, it followed inevitably that if he took Wendy to dinner he would find himself locked out.

"Our mutual trust," he murmured, "is a wonderful thing. You and I will go out together."

"I'd choke," Dizzy said.

"That's an idea." Malloy reached for the phone. "Choke or starve," he added. "It's up to you." Violently he dialled Wendy's number. "Look, honey," he said when her rich, warm voice came to him, "troubles I have. We'll have to postpone our dinner date until tomorrow night."

"Where are you now, darling?" Wendy asked. "At your new apartment? If you are, I'll come over and help you."

Strain was in Jim's voice. "Oh, no. I'm doing fine."

Dizzy sneezed. It was a very ladylike sneeze. But Wendy's voice was crisp over the wire. "What was that?"

"What was what?" Malloy asked. Dizzy sneezed again.

"Jim," Wendy said, "who is there with you?"

"Look, honey," Malloy said, "things are a little confused at the moment. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night." He put down the phone and looked hard at Dizzy.

"Are you getting a cold, I hope?" he inquired. "A hospital room might be the solution."

"You're so thoughtful, Malloy," Dizzy said.

"I'm famous for it," Malloy said. "Come on, let's go out—together—and chew something. Then we'll come back—together—and I'll help you pack."

When they had started on the nice juicy steaks, Dizzy asked: "When do you fly somewhere again?"

"I don't," he said. "I'm buying an interest in a travel agency."

"Is that good?" she asked. "You don't seem the type to be behind the counter and saying, 'No, madam, I advise not taking your canary. The birdseed situation at Antibes is very critical.' Don't you like flying?"

"You go up and then you come down," he said. "You make a lot of money while you're young, but when you ought to be at your peak you're about through. I've saved a bit of money. This seems as good a time as any to make the move."

"You sound," Dizzy said, "as if you were trying to sell me one of the better funerals. Somebody has talked you into something. If I liked you, I'd be upset about it."

She dug into her bag, found her compact, and inspected her make-up. "Excuse me while I go and put on a new face," she said.

Malloy watched her go, thinking it odd she should have found the thing which had been troubling him ever since the travel agency opportunity had been offered him. But, of course, Wendy had been right. At thirty-two he was old enough to settle down to a quiet job.

He came out of his abstraction suddenly as he glimpsed Dizzy unobtrusively leaving the restaurant by the side door. He rose hastily, dropped a ten-dollar bill on the table, and rushed out in time to see Dizzy's cab swinging around the corner. He climbed into the next cab in line.

Giving his address, he told the driver, "That cab in front is going to the same place. Get me there first and there's an extra buck for the baby's shoes."

JIM had seated himself by the window when Dizzy hurried in, very pleased with herself. She stopped short and stared.

"Won't you come in for a minute?" Malloy asked politely.

She went into the bedroom and fussed around with things. Malloy, humming with elaborate unconcern, telephoned several places without success.

Dizzy appeared in the doorway. "Are you still here?"

"From now on," he said.

She went back into the bedroom. There was a sliding noise as a suitcase came shooting out into the living-room. The second followed, then the briefcase.

"There's a locker trunk in the corner," he reminded her.

"Send for it to-morrow."

The door slammed and the lock rasped home.

Malloy glanced at his watch and was astonished to discover that it was after ten o'clock. He was bone-tired with weariness.

The telephone rang. Automatically he answered.

"What are you doing there?" a familiar voice demanded.

With some difficulty Malloy kept his voice level. "Friend," he said, "how about dropping around and doing something about Dizzy? She needs a place to sleep."

"Let me speak to her."

"Hey, Dizzy," Malloy called. "The job with the ears would have a word with you."

"Tell him I've gone to bed," came through the door.

"She said she's gone to bed. Isn't that cosy?"

The line hummed emptily in Malloy's ear. From the other side of the door came no sound. He yawned, and his eyes suddenly focused upon the studio couch. He marched over to it, loosened his black tie and kicked off his shoes. He turned and for a moment grinned maliciously at Dizzy's door. Then he stretched his long frame out on the couch. As if lightning had struck him he fell instantly to sleep.

From millions of miles away came an increasingly impatient knocking at the door. For one fatigue-dulled instant Malloy thought he was in his hotel in Honolulu, with the porter calling him in time to catch the company car to the airport. He rolled to his feet and to the door.

Standing outside was Wendy Haywood. She was, Malloy thought, a beautiful sight to see. He stepped forward and kissed her. Her firm lips broke into an indulgent smile as she noted his stockinged feet, his loosened tie, and his dishevelled hair.

"Did you fall asleep?" she asked in her sweetly husky voice. "I got bored and thought I could help you get settled. It must be later than I thought."

She went past him into the living-room and glanced, apparently carelessly, at the disordered couch. She saw the white gladioli on the table, the suitcases and the briefcase on the floor. Then, reflectively, she looked at the closed door to the bedroom. Her expression as she turned to Malloy was unreadable.

"Rough trip?" she asked.

"Not bad," he said, pulling on his shoes.

"How did the chief pilot act when you said you were through?"

"Cried all over his blotter about how short the company is of senior pilots for ocean flying," Malloy told her. "Well, I'm signing the final papers on the travel agency tomorrow."

"Wonderful," Wendy said. "Then we'll marry in January."

Malloy's tone was rough. "January? What's the matter with tomorrow?"

"Jim," said Wendy softly, "you're tired to-night."

When a soft mood was upon Wendy it made him forget how rich she was, and how it seemed that when he took her to one of the night spots the headwaiter cocked his beady eye upon Wendy instead of upon himself

There was a sudden interruption. Through the door came Dizzy's voice. "Oh, Jim, who are you talking to?"

Wendy's expression froze. "Who is that?" she demanded.

"She wouldn't leave," Malloy said.

The door opened. Dizzy, her red head spectacular above a beautiful house-coat, appeared on the threshold. Her untroubled blue eyes encompassed Wendy in one quick glance, then turned to Malloy.

"Darling, I didn't know you had company," she said.

In a daze, Malloy heard himself attempting introductions. Dizzy was graciousness itself, but Wendy seemed to be under a strain.

"Jim," Wendy said, "you broke a dinner date tonight, and I gathered there were complications——"

Jim said, "There were and there still are."

"But it's comforting to know," Wendy continued, "that you weren't exactly getting the vapors from loneliness, as I thought when——"

"Put your flaps down!" Malloy shouted. "Wait till I tell——"

"It's a long story," Dizzy's voice interrupted. She glanced fondly at Malloy. "Jim and I both thought that since he had to stop flying, which he loves, to sell tickets to—"

"Will you pipe down?" Malloy roared.

Dizzy turned her smile on Wendy. "I've been so anxious to meet you and——"

Jim, his face the color of red flannel, whirled. "One more word out of you," he shouted, "and I'll shake you loose from your bones!"

"Superman!" Dizzy said. She beamed at Wendy.

There was a knock on the door. Malloy marched over and flung it open. The man had a crew haircut and ears.

"You'll be Malloy," the visitor said, belligerently.

"I'm Malloy already. Come in and take Dizzy——"

"Why, Frank!" Dizzy called. "Come in!"

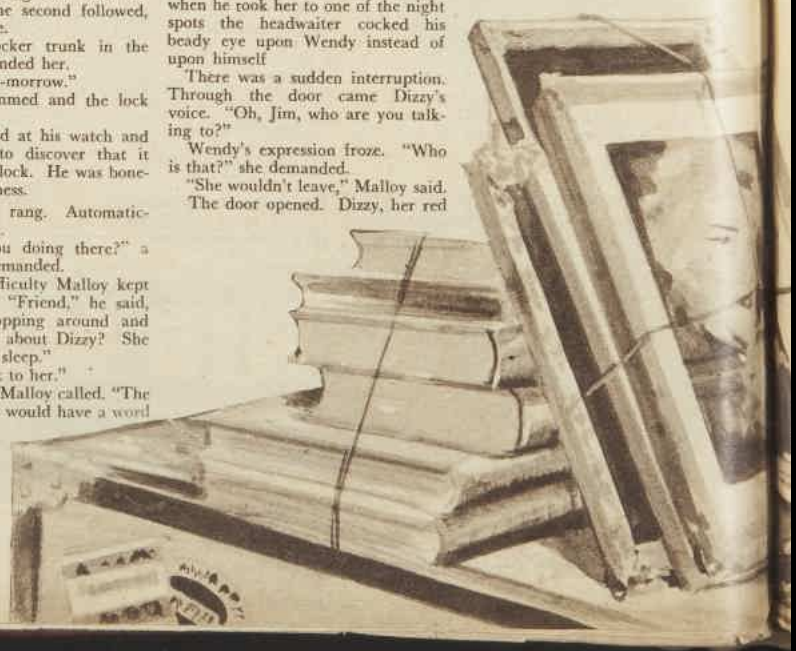
Dizzy seemed to be making introductions, but nobody was paying much attention. Wendy favored Frank with a level stare.

Malloy glared at him. "Why haven't you found a place for Dizzy?" he asked.

"I'll have one for her by the middle of the week. Now, you get out," Frank snarled.

"You'll have to insist very strongly," Jim said.

"Poor Jim," Dizzy said, moving close to Frank. "Who could blame him for being upset? Just imagine, instead of worrying about the weather maps over the Pacific he'll



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have to worry about where to buy the daily carnation for his buttonhole."

"Daily carnation for my——" Malloy echoed stormily.

"I know how hard it will be at first," Dizzy went on. "The thing I worry about is the set of ulcers they'll be writing up in the medical journals. But I suppose you can get used to anything in time."

Wendy came up from her chair. There was no warmth in her lovely eyes now.

"Jim," she said, "I thought we could be so happy."

"Happy!" Malloy shouted. "Of course we could be happy, provided we did everything your way."

"Jim, let me feel your pulse."

"Go away!" Malloy roared as she advanced towards him. "To a scene like this we should sell tickets!"

He marched across the room and picked up his captain's briefcase and his white-topped cap with the company insignia emblazoned in gold. He clapped it on his head and jerked it over his left eye at a belligerent angle. He wheeled to face Frank, who was scowling uncertainly at him, opening and closing his hands.

"Well," Malloy invited, "say something."

If Frank had anything to say, he seemed unable to put it into words. Disappointed, Malloy picked up his suitcases and strode to the door.

"Have fun," he said over his shoulder, and marched out . . .

Standing at the kerb, Malloy waited tiredly, angrily, and in vain for a taxi.

Presently, from the lobby, came the sound of a descending elevator. Malloy picked up his luggage and went across the street to the welcoming shadows of a deserted park opposite and found a bench.

Wendy and Frank appeared in the lobby. Almost immediately a cab appeared and picked them up. This, Malloy thought dryly, was somebody else's night, not his.

Daily carnations in his buttonhole. Birdseed in Antibes. Jim Malloy's lips twisted at the thought. His fingers touched the captain's stripes on his sleeve. He had gone through a lot earning those stripes. Queer, never to be wearing them again.

He stiffened and stared across the street. Another figure was silhouetted in that doorway. It was Dizzy.

She came straight across to where he sat in the semi-darkness. Without a word she sat down beside him on the bench.

Solemnly they watched the late traffic flow past. Neither spoke. After a while Dizzy said, "I just happened to be looking out of the window when you crossed the street." And when he made no answer, she added, "But if you think I'm sorry because I made that Wendy mad, you're wrong."

"You made Frank mad, too," Malloy reminded her.

"A strong-minded girl like Wendy," said Dizzy, "could do a lot with Frank." She paused, and suddenly pushed a key into his hand. "You win. I can spend a few nights with Sally Ordway. I just called her." Then, in a quick rush of words, "About that travel agency, Jim. I told you at dinner that—"

"That if you liked me," he interrupted, "you'd be upset about it."

"You're just not the type, Jim."

"And you're upset about it?"

"Jim, could you get your job back as flight-captain?"

"By a telephone call to-morrow morning."

Malloy suddenly realised that he was no longer tired. The heavy weight which had pressed upon his spirits for the past few weeks had miraculously lifted, leaving him with a sense of release which was as heady as a strong drink. Quietly he lifted Dizzy's hand and pressed the key into her palm.

Forgetting to release her strong young fingers, he said, "I am going down to the club, Dizzy. I'll find someone I know and tell him to move over. After all, it will only be until Monday. Then I'll be out of town for several days. Would there be anything you'd like me to bring you from Honolulu?"

"You—you plan so far ahead," Dizzy protested faintly.

Malloy swung around and took her two shoulders in his hands.

When he spoke he was astonished to find that his voice shook. "Go on home now," he said. "And if you have any other dates between now and Monday, call them off. Especially for hunting apartments."

(Copyright)

Although Jim Malloy had decided to give up flying, at Wendy Haywood's request, he was still very much up in the air over Dizzy.

The girl made no attempt to move. "I don't want to hurry you," Jim said, "but I have an appointment."

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UNPACKING STATUETTE at the home of the Hopton family at Warradale Park, S.A., are (from left) Mrs. Hopton, holding two-year-old Sarah Louise, Mr. Sidney Hopton, Diana, 10, and Elizabeth, 12.

ARTIST WOOD-CARVER Patrick K. Bacon, of Jersey, holds the statuette "Vanessa," which he carved and sent as a gift to polio victims Elizabeth and Diana Hopton. "Vanessa" is valued at 94 guineas.

Artist is Father Christmas to little girls

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

The correct way to begin this story is to say "Once upon a time," for, to use ten-year-old Diana Hopton's words, it is "really a true fairy-tale."

But that puts Diana in before Elizabeth, her 12-year-old sister; and after all it was Elizabeth's letter to wood-carver Patrick K. Bacon, of the Island of Jersey, which brought them his statuette "Vanessa."

LAST year, when Elizabeth and Diana, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hopton, of Warradale Park, South Australia, were in bed with polio, they were given some magazines to read.

In a back number of The Australian Women's Weekly they found an illustrated article about Mr. Bacon's work.

The pictures of Mr. Bacon's carved figurines charmed the little girls.

As soon as she could, Elizabeth, then 11, wrote to Mr. Bacon inquiring the price of two carvings.

"Could you let us know how much they would be, so we can save our pocket - money?" Elizabeth asked. "We have saved 3/- each."

It was apt that the letter reached Mr. Bacon on Christmas Eve. For a long time this internationally known artist has been an every-day-in-the-year Father Christmas to a number of children.

Mr. Bacon has exhibited his work in London and America. His statuette of Prince Charles holding his pup Shandy on a leash, requested by the Duke of Edinburgh, is in Buckingham Palace.

The day after Christmas Mr. Bacon wrote to The Australian Women's Weekly saying that he wanted to send his best model, "Vanessa," valued at 94 guineas, to us for presentation to the children.

He was immobilised, he explained, by "a pair of smashed ankles."

He ended, "Get going, please, as if it were a Royal Presentation and your life depended upon it. P.S. I'll defray costs, insurance, etc."

While we "got going," Mr. Bacon wrote to the Hopton girls about himself and his work:

"My workshop is a sort of Santa Claus place where lots of toys get themselves made for children whose parents can't afford things, and lots of children bring their broken toys for 'Uncle Pat' to mend. Even dolls that go to sleep find their way here to have new eyes put in or new hair fixed on or an arm or leg mended.

"And I like it very much until some wealthy father calls and says, 'Now, look here, my good fellow, I want this thing mended and I'm told you are the only man who can do it. How much will it cost, hey?'

"Then I quietly tell him I work only for children and his money could not pay what my little friends pay.

"And d'you know what my children pay? A shy little smile sometimes. Sometimes even a hasty little kiss. Sometimes just a quick 'Thank you, Uncle Pat,' but it's the sort of payment I live on, worth more than money.

"Thank you for writing to me. You have an 'Uncle Pat' now in Jersey, and very soon you will have one of my most treasured little models for your very own. One day I'll come and collect a 'Thank you.' "

It was my pleasure to hand over to the little Hopton girls their precious statuette.

"Vanessa" came in a box 10in. by 7in. by 8in., beautifully packed.

Made of timber from the old sailing-ship Bellerophon, she is dressed in sports shirt, shorts, and white shoes. Her hair is blond and her eyes are blue, which matches the colouring of Elizabeth and Diana.

"Vanessa" is feeding a seagull. There is a little crumb in her hand.

This is what Elizabeth wrote after receiving Mr. Bacon's present:

"Dear Uncle Pat,—Sunday was the loveliest day of our lives when we received your little carving of 'Vanessa.' I love the little carving very much; it is so real.

"Every night and morning Diana and I pay a little visit to 'Vanessa.' Daddy is going to make a special shelf in the china cabinet for her so that we can look after her.

"Kisses from all of us, including our canary."

And this is Diana's word of thanks:

"I could hardly wait until Sunday. What a joy it was when Daddy took off the lid and there sat tiny 'Vanessa.' He took her out and we thought she was beautiful. Fancy it being able to have little footprints of the seagull.

"Mummy has said that one by one my school friends can come to see the model. We have told them all about 'Vanessa.'

"Some do not believe me—they say it is only a fairy-tale. It does seem like a fairy-tale, but it is really a true one.

"Tell me, Uncle Pat, how do you make the skin look so real?"

Since all "once upon a time" stories must end on an extra happy note, a health report of Elizabeth and Diana seems appropriate.

Elizabeth was given a medical clearance a few days before "Vanessa" arrived. Diana still has some muscular weakness, needing treatment and care, but she is getting along very well.

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FESTIVE GOWNS FOR WINTER SEASON

NOTED SYDNEY HOSTESS Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere wearing a Carven model gown of white georgette which has an inset of embroidery in pastel French beading and a fine accordion-pleated frilled hemline on the crinoline skirt. Mrs. Dekyvere, with her husband, is at present on a trip abroad. She took this lovely gown with her.

MRS. JOHN GUNN, of Tasmania, wears a becoming gown in a shade of deep blue, offsetting her attractive sun-tan. She is the daughter of Sir Gordon and Lady Rolph.

MRS. H. S. CHESTERMAN, wife of Commander Chesterman, of Queensland, wears a white patterned faille gown for formal wear.

DIAMOND EARRINGS and necklace, the gift of her father-in-law, Lord Bruntisfield, add glamor to the Hon. Mrs. Simon Warrender's French aqua satin gown.

ROSSLYN ROWELL wears this pink organdie frock. She is the daughter of Lieut.-General and Mrs. Rowell, of Melbourne.

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In these pages smart women are shown in glamorous gowns they will wear at official gatherings following the end of Royal mourning.

HEIRLOOM PEARLS are worn by Joanna Ainslie, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Ainslie, of Mount Street, Perth. Her heavy waffle taffeta gown is in primrose-yellow.

MRS. EUGENE GOOSSENS, wife of the conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, wearing a beautiful blue-and-white striped satin gown, to which she adds a fuchsia satin stole. The picture was taken at her home at Wahroonga before Mrs. Goossens left by air for America with the gown packed in her luggage. She is visiting her people there. Mrs. Goossens is noted for her striking clothes and soignee appearance at concerts and formal parties.

MRS. W. H. ROBERTS, State President of the Queensland Country Women's Association, wears a frock of cinnamon-brown lace. Flowers of matching lace are pinned at the waistline of the gown.

SLIPPER SATIN in a subtle shade of silvery green is the choice of Mrs. Geoffrey Angus Parsons, of S.A. She will wear her gown at the Empire Societies' farewell ball on June 10 to Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie. The dress has a padded hipline.

PARIS GOWN is worn by Mrs. R. E. Porter, of Gilberton, South Australia. Mrs. Porter will wear this gown to the farewell ball to the Norries at the Adelaide Town Hall on June 10.

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ANNABELLE

"Naughty! You've gone and let your tea get cold."

BUTCH

"Isn't that nice, dear? He left the pants of your business suit so you can go to the office in the morning."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

HOVERING in a helicopter last week-end over the flats where I live, Sherlock Holmes noted a canvas fishing hat pegged to the clothes-line on the roof.

"Female tenant about to go on holiday," he deduced promptly.

"Can't see how you can tell it's a female tenant," objected Dr. Watson. "Not a feminine-looking hat. And how do you know she hasn't just returned from holidays?"

"Elementary on both counts, my dear Watson," replied the Master. "The adjacent garments are obviously those of a female; and the post-holiday boiling of that hat is always done in Queensland. This is therefore the pre-holiday boiling. The color, distinctly off-white, shows that it is not boiled more than twice a year."

He was absolutely right.

* * *

I HAVE decided to try some float-fishing this year, chiefly in the hope that it will reduce the time spent on replacing hooks and sinkers lost when the line gets snagged on rocks.

I asked an experienced angler I know for some tips about rigging a line with a float. He is a man who takes his fishing seriously, and who has little faith in a woman's ability to keep this kind of thing in her head.

I now have two pages of closely typed directions covering methods of attaching float (with diagrams), sundry information on tides, baits, and the habits of fish, plus a float rigged on a length of line as a specimen.

The fish haven't a chance.

* * *

THOSE bulbs that I mentioned a few weeks ago are still cluttering up dark corners of the flat.

I am told that patience is necessary, but it is my own opinion that the daffodils are a dead duck. The hyacinths, however, look hopeful. Regretfully I have abandoned the idea of taking them north with me. It might seem eccentric.

They are being left in good hands and I only hope that they will develop in a manner sufficiently sensational to enliven my return.

* * *

MET a bunch of married women, all of whom have jobs and who were discussing a recent controversy about whether married women should stay home or go out to work.

"No trouble in our home," reported one. "When I pointed out that a professor said that a wife shouldn't have a job, my husband just said cheerfully, 'Oh well, no work, no eat.'"

* * *

A CASE which went to the High Court last month concerned a machine for sucking eggs.

Vacuum Extractors Ltd., of Adelaide, asked the Court to extend its patent on the machine.

Purpose of he machine is to suck the contents from eggs, passionfruit, and coconuts.

And, doubtless, to teach your grandmother.

THE Speaker's close watch on "unparliamentary language" in the Federal House must be putting a grave strain on members, but Mr. Adermann (Country Party) found an ingenious solution.

"I refer the Opposition to Jeremiah 9.3, and they can see where the cap fits," he said.

Mr. C. R. Cameron (Labor), producing a Bible, read the passage aloud and objected to it as unparliamentary, but the Acting-Speaker, Mr. J. Bowden, refused to uphold him.

You can look the disputed passage up for yourself. It's quite mild, really. But you only have to open the Bible at random to see what members could do with this idea.

Isaiah 10.1 and 2 would be useful practically any time. Job 4.8 would come in handy.

A little research would produce much fiercer quotations, and it would be possible for members to say what they think in a tenth of the time merely by stringing references together.

Besides, the practice might in time improve the general tone of the House considerably. Members would take to carrying pocket Bibles to check the quotations, and who knows what beneficial results would follow?

* * *

IN Paris a man and his wife were recently found guilty of trying to murder each other, but both were released because it was their first offence.

The wife, who had put powdered glass and shoemakers' nails in her husband's food, said, "I don't know why I did it. I just wanted to annoy him." The husband had fired ten shots at her in a crowded street.

One pictures them settling down again to a placid married life.

"Naughty girl!" says husband, picking pieces of cut crystal out of his scrambled eggs, "you mustn't make me really cross. After all, you've heard the story of Robert Bruce, haven't you, dear, even if the judge hasn't?"

* * *

AN American, Paul Dreyfuss, passed through London recently after a tour of Europe. He was accompanied by two mice, John and Stanley, who had stayed with him in the best hotels, eating expensive food. "What's funny about it?" asked Mr. D. "I like mice and these are very intelligent."

"Enjoy yourselves?" asked the stay-at-home mice.
"Indeed," said the travellers, "'twas awfully nice.
"The fat of the land! You've no idea!
"Roquefort, Stilton, and Camembert,
"Washed down by thimbles of vin ordinaire."
Then they smiled and said, this intelligent pair,
"Yet we find it grand to be home again,
"For luxury palls on mice and men,
"And at times, though we know we sound hard to please,
"We sighed for some common old mousetrap cheese."

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TOM PIPER – THE NAME OF GOODNESS

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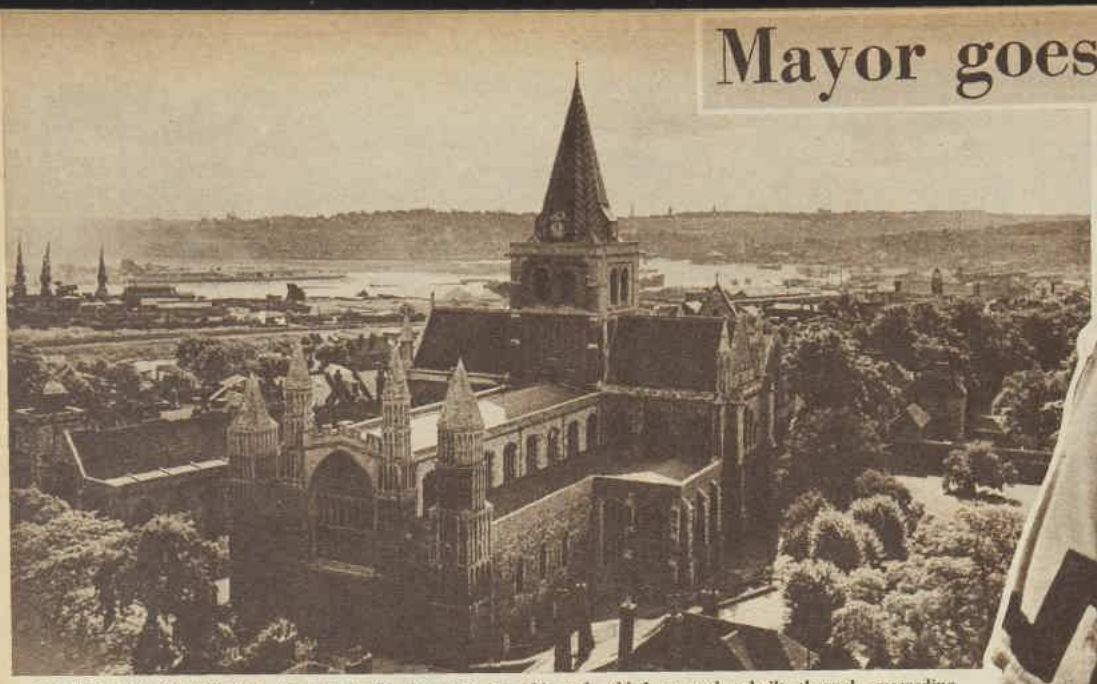
Mayor goes walkabout



MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL, founded by St. Augustine in 604 and added to and rebuilt through succeeding centuries, dominates the town of Rochester, Kent. Rochester, 30 miles south-east of London, stands on a hill overlooking the right bank of the River Medway and commanding a sweeping view of the estuary and the rolling countryside of Kent. It was Charles Dickens' boyhood town, and he died in Rochester in 1870.

ROCHESTER'S FIRST CITIZEN equipped with mayoral robe and insignia for his world walkabout.

Idea began in Rochester, Kent, with boy's offer of bale of wool

At the end of next month, Councillor A. A. J. Anderson, J.P., Mayor of the historic city of Rochester, England, childhood home of novelist Charles Dickens, will set out on a pilgrimage to all the Rochesters in the English-speaking world.

MAYOR'S LADY Mrs. A. A. J. Anderson, who will accompany her husband on his world tour next month.

When Councillor Anderson announced his decision we sent reporters to find out what had given him the idea and what the Australian Rochesters thought about it.

THE Mayor will make a seven weeks' tour by air of the towns and cities named Rochester, visiting Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States, in that order.

The first Rochester he will visit will be Rochester, Victoria, where he will stay at the home of 15-year-old Walter McGregor.

It was Walter's invitation and his promise of a bale of wool to cover the fare that gave the Mayor the idea of making the tour.

"But of course I didn't accept the bale of wool—it was a joke between us," the Mayor told Anne Matheson, of our London office.

In his robes and chain of office, accompanied by his wife, the Lady Mayoress, and perhaps by his mace-bearer, Councillor Anderson will be received in 31 Rochesters.

"There may be more," the Mayor said.

"New Zealand has been busy hunting up its Rochesters since the High Commissioner paid us a visit."

To each Rochester the Mayor will present a specially bound leather volume of either "The Pickwick Papers," "Great Expectations," or "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

The novels will bear the arms of the city, which Dickens immortalised in these three works.

Councillor Albert Anderson is a keen, fresh-complexioned businessman of 41, with smooth dark hair, a clipped moustache, and a boyish smile.

He owns the Kent Art Printers, with factories at Rochester and its twin city, Chatham, at the mouth of the River Medway—a creditable achievement because he began as an apprentice.

Councillor Anderson said that a letter from Mrs. Dinah McGregor, of Rochester, Victoria, was his first link with Australia.

"Mrs. McGregor wrote asking if I would look after her son, Walter, who was coming to England with 96 other boys on a tour under the auspices of the Overseas League.

"He spent the day with us, was fascinated with our town, and wanted to know more about it.

"Soon I found I wanted to know more about Australia.

" 'Why don't you come out?' Walter said.

" 'I haven't the time and it's far too costly,' I replied.

"Then Walter said, 'You make the time. I'll send you a bale of wool.'

"I said 'All right, you send the bale, I'll make the tour.'

"I felt I had to go," the Mayor added. "But it wasn't easy to leave my business."

Councillor Anderson's 19-year-old daughter, Margaret, then stepped in and offered to look after the printing works while her father was away.

The two Anderson boys —John (13) and Roger (9)— are still at school.

"Margaret will keep her eye on them, too," said the Mayor.

The Anderson family live near Rochester Cathedral.

"It's our own home," the Mayor said proudly.

He was born in Rochester, went to school in Rochester, has been 15 years on the Rochester Council and is their youngest mayor.

"We've never been out of England before," he added. "My wife and I once took a day trip to Calais, but we didn't get off the boat."

This doesn't mean that the Mayor and the people in Rochester don't meet people from every part of the world.

Rochester is a tourist centre, and lovers of this fascinating, historic, and scenically beautiful city, as well as Dickens lovers, visit there from all over the world.

It was an old town even when the Normans conquered Britain. Centuries before, the Romans had turned it into a walled city. Substantial remains of the walls they built can still be seen.

"Rochester is not a city living entirely on its past," the Mayor said.

"Our industrial life is constantly expanding. To the cement works have been added newer enterprises, such as engineering, sheet metal, printing, timber, and many subordinate undertakings."

Rochester's Mayor has magnificent regalia to take on his goodwill tour.

He may, if the Council approves, take the mace, which is handsomely wrought in silver gilt. It was made in 1661.

The Mayor's chain and badges date back to 1875, and the Lady Mayoress' chain has a drop pendant with 85 diamonds in the ornament.

The Mayor's chain has three medallions, representing three mayoral appointments.

"It is unusual for a mayor to have three appointments," Councillor Anderson explained. "In Rochester, apart from being Mayor of the city, I am also Constable of the Castle.

"But the most unusual title and the one of which we are always proud is the title Admiral of the Medway.

"I am entitled to the full rights of an admiral. I am piped aboard any ship and given a guard of honor by ships that visit our river.

"King Haakon's yacht recently gave me a guard of honor."

Councillor Anderson will invite friends he makes in the other Rochesters of the world to go to England next year for the Coronation.

"I would especially like them to visit us and enjoy our city," he explained.

RUINS OF THE CASTLE which William the Conqueror built at Rochester as a monument to Norman power have the sombre magnificence of a feudal stronghold.

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World tour of 31 sister-towns

Rochester, Vic., is first stop on route

Councillor and Mrs. Anderson will arrive in Rochester, Victoria, on August 1 to stay at "Lynegar," the home of Mrs. Alexander McGregor, mother of Walter McGregor, who gave the Mayor the tour idea.

WALTER is now a pupil at Geelong College.

Staff reporter **Judith Eddie** heard Walter's side of the story when she went to "Lynegar" recently.

Mrs. McGregor said that the Mayor's jocular remark and Walter's eager promise of a bale of wool had been promoted to seriousness by newspaper reports.

"At the end of last March Councillor Anderson wrote to me, emphasising that he had been joking and assuring me he had not thought of asking for or accepting any wool bales," said Mrs. McGregor.

Friendly Mrs. McGregor is a widow with five children—twins Hugh and Alec, who manage the property; Margaret, aged 20, a nurse at Bendigo; Mary, 18, who is learning millinery and hopes to be a model; and Walter.

"Lynegar" homestead is named after a castle in a district in Scotland from where migrant William McGregor and his wife, Nancy, came in 1857.

It is a cream weatherboard house with a shady verandah.

In the big kitchen is a billiard table. The McGregor family whisk the cover off and start playing as soon as dinner is over.

Councillor Anderson will find the 749 square miles of Rochester Shire very different from his historic home town, but it is one of which its 6000 inhabitants are justly proud.

Snuggling in a luxurious nest of evergreen trees, the township is a typical example of the transformation wrought by irrigation in northern Victoria.

It is on the Campaspe, a tributary of the Murray River.

Its three main streets boast five prosperous hotels, and on market days they are lined with sleek new cars and utility trucks.

Originally the centre of a wheat-growing district, settled more than 100 years ago, Rochester changed over to dairying when the "liquid gold" — irrigation water — turned dry land into lush pastures in 1912.

On the west side of the Campaspe, where there is no irrigation, farmers run sheep or grow wheat.

On the east side, where land is worth £200 an acre and the average size of a farm is 40 acres, cattle graze contentedly. Every week they are switched from one small paddock to another.

In the township, three new factories are being built for the processing of dried milk, cheese, and butter.

All the outlying farms are electrified.

Typical success story in the district is that of German-born Karl Zegelin.

When Mr. Zegelin first came to Rochester he was grubbing trees for a pittance. Now, owning a good deal of property in the district, he is on a world tour with his wife.

They plan to call at Rochester, Kent.

The district justly boasts a splendid community spirit.

Keen shire secretary Ron Westcott said that when a fellow citizen contracted polio last year the shire president, Councillor C. W. W. Macauley, Councillor Percy Munzel, and Mr. L. A. Allen convened a public meeting. As a result, £152 was raised to help the sufferer.

The people readily contributed £20,000, the amount set by the Hospitals and Charities Commission, towards the Rochester War Memorial Hospital, which will be open in August.

"It will be the last word in modern scientific and medical knowledge," said the secretary of the committee, Mr. T. E. Costello.

The extensive preparations for the mayoral visit have been in Ron Westcott's charge.

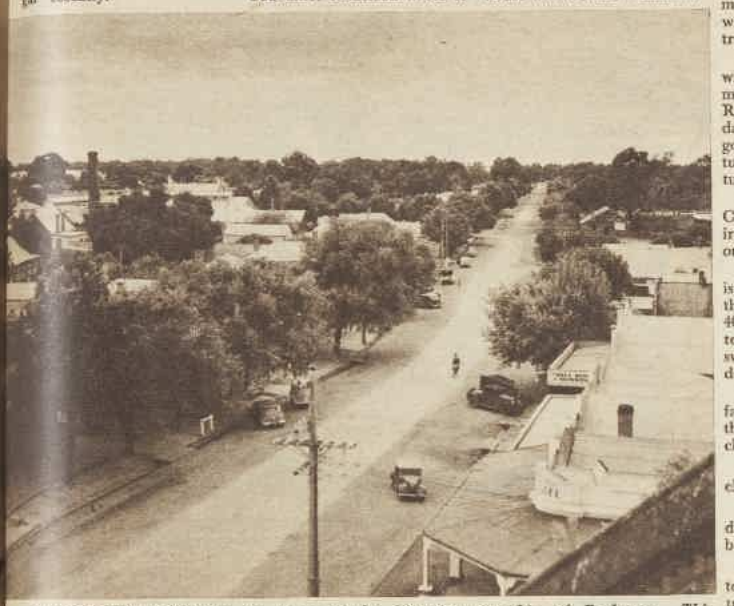
He has been shire secretary since his discharge from the army at the end of the war.

Councillor and Mrs. Anderson will be given a civic reception. Host and hostess will be the shire president, Councillor C. W. W. Macauley, and Mrs. Johnston, wife of Councillor A. P. Johnston.

The mayoral couple will also be guests of honor at the R.S.L. Military Ball on August 5.

Sixteen debutantes will be presented to the visiting Mayor and Mayoress, who will be received by the R.S.L. president, Mr. George Fuller, and Mrs. Fuller, and the secretary, Mr. W. J. Haisman, and Mrs. Haisman.

BOY BEHIND THE IDEA, Walter McGregor, 15, of Rochester, Victoria. During an educational trip to England Walter suggested to the Mayor of Rochester, Kent, that he should visit Rochester, Victoria.



EVERGREEN TREES line the streets of the Victorian township of Rochester. This picture was taken from the Shire Hall, where, during his Australian visit, Councillor Anderson will take part in a Rochester-to-Rochester broadcast.

Rochester, S.A., deserted village

IF Councillor Anderson, Mayor of Rochester, Kent, keeps a sharp lookout as he speeds along the Main North Road, 104 miles north of Adelaide, he will know when he has reached Rochester, South Australia.

The few remaining ruins of this once prosperous little town include the crumbling front wall of the 11-roomed hotel.

But, with luck, Mr. Anderson will not see it as a ghost town.

If he meets some early Rochesterians, he will see it through their eyes, as did staff reporter Freda Young.

He will see the royal mail coaches clattering down the highway with the crack of the drivers' whips and their authoritative "Whoa," the neighing of horses, the chatter of passengers, and all the bustle that was part and parcel of the old coaching days.

For Rochester was, until 1894, a staging place for Hill and Company's coaches.

One authority says that Rochester was named by Edward Smith, who called it Rochester after his native town in Kent.

This bright little centre, astir with mobs of cattle from the far north, loads of wool and wheat from the far west, itinerant Indian hawkers, and aborigines, even ran to an occasional picnic race meeting on the 140-acre allotment attached to the hotel.

"My father, Josiah Hopkins, was the blacksmith at Rochester until two years before his death in 1920," said Councillor W. R. Hopkins, of nearby Enfield.

Councillor Hopkins remembers when there were 22 farms at Rochester. There are only two properties there now, "Renfrew," run by Angus and Sandy Maitland, and Harold Snow's property across the highway.

"Renfrew" has absorbed the whole of the former Rochester township area.

The first blow to the township was the opening of the railway to Gladstone in 1894.

The second was in 1908, when the hotel lost its licence.

Final disintegration began in 1940, when the 20-pupil school closed. Passers-by began to throw stones through the windows of the deserted buildings and to remove fittings.

Alex Maitland, father of the present owners of "Renfrew," rescued much of the valuable cedar and iron that was left.

Now all that remains besides the hotel wall are an outsize cement trough used by the coach horses, a well and a windmill or two, a brick chimney and copper stand to remind one of past washing-days, and an 8ft. by 6ft. galvanised-iron shed.

This shed was bequeathed to the district by Councillor Hopkins for private mail-bags. It is the only tangible link between the past and the present.

OFFICIAL host and hostess to the touring mayoral couple should they visit Rochester, S.A., will be Mr. and Mrs. Ray Michael (left), Mayor and Mayoress of Clare, in which district Rochester is incorporated.

GHOST TOWN of Rochester, S.A. (above). At left is the ruined post office, and, at right, the remains of the hotel, with, centre, the former home of Councillor and Mrs. W. R. Hopkins, of nearby Enfield.

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Begonias easy to grow at home

● *Tuberous begonias are among the most delicate and beautiful of flowers. Those on this page were grown at Pymble, on Sydney's North Shore line.*

ROSE PEARL. These two blooms are specimens of a new variety. Their pure rose-pink is a color that has hitherto been scarce among begonias, which came originally from Peru and Bolivia. There are many more varieties.

POT PLANT BLOOMS. A group of begonias photographed in Mr. Frank Leddy's glasshouse. Among the varieties are Ajax, Everest, Rose Pearl, Pamela, Alan Clarke, Pamela Simpson, Patricia Russell, Red Emperor, J. Munson, and W. H. Dalton.

J. MUNSON, a clear yellow picotee with perfect form, the petals slightly waved, the blooms medium in size. Noted begonia collections are to be found in the parks of Bathurst and Orange, New South Wales, and in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.

ALTHOUGH begonias are delicate-looking flowers, they are easy to grow at home, according to Mr. Frank Leddy, of Pymble, who is one of the most successful growers in New South Wales.

Because September is the best month to begin growing begonias, there is now ample time to make plans, select varieties which appeal most, and to assemble pots.

Here is Mr. Leddy's advice on begonia culture:

- Guard against caterpillars and grubs in the first month.
- Spray with an all-purpose mixture once a week.
- Avoid direct sunlight as well as heavy shade.
- Do not water freely in early stages.
- Plants should be grown slowly.
- Make sure the ventilation is good in the spot you choose.

Mr. Leddy imported most of his tubers from New Zealand, and some from England and America.

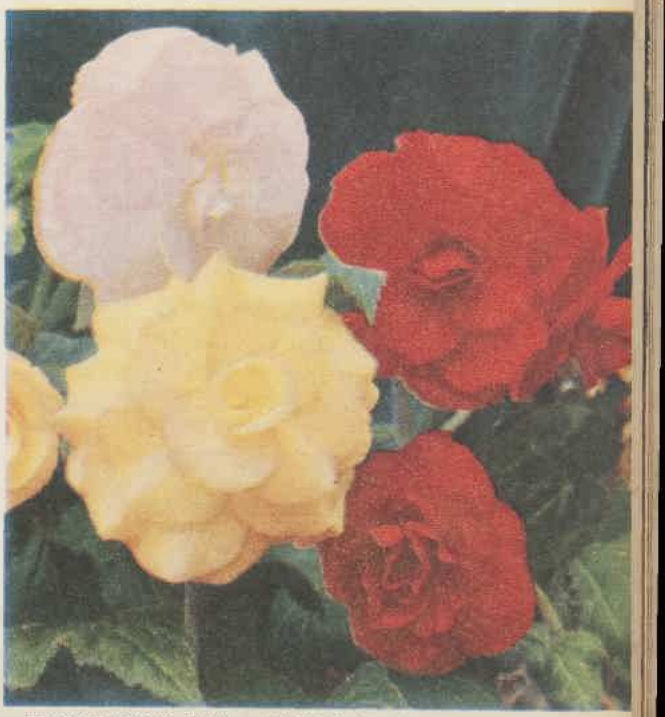
Import restrictions have now made it difficult to procure tubers, but the plants grow from cuttings.

The cuttings should preferably be taken with a joint, but plants grow just as well from a leaf cutting. Edges of the cutting should be a little frayed.

Place the cuttings in a box containing clean, coarse sand, and cover with glass.

Mr. Leddy does not allow the plants to flower before they have reached full maturity.

They are debudded until the end of January. After that, weak liquid manure should be given twice a week.



PERFECT GROUP. Brilliant Field Marshal is the name of the two red blooms; Harmony is the blush-pink, and the yellow flower is J. Munson. Begonia growing in home gardens is becoming more popular in Australia. Home gardeners should take care to choose large enough pots for plants.

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MADAME GRÉ at the RENE HENRI SALON—
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Youngsters train in camp

DURING REST PERIOD camp commandant Rex Waterhouse stops for a talk with (from left) Penny Allen, Robin Lumby, Elisabeth Vickery, Jan Nelson, Diana Barclay, Marion Kirkby, and Sue Cole.

Pony Club is nursery for future champions

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

The showground at Boggabri, in north-west New South Wales, was a miniature Light Horse bivouac last week with 88 young members of the district's Pony Club in residence for their annual camp.

ASSISTANT camp commandant Alex Nelson, jun., gives advice to six-year-old Jan Lumby, one of the youngest Pony Club members, at the camp at Boggabri.

IT was the club's second camp. Children who attended the first one in the May school holidays last year spread the word. This year some even brought school - friends from Sydney.

Both organisers and members of the club are convinced that the camp has come to stay as a valuable training course for future champions.

No age limit is imposed on prospective members. All they have to do is to be able to handle their own ponies.

The club has a simple, attractive uniform of jodhpurs, white shirt, and maroon tie. Each member comes equipped with pony, camp-stretcher, bedding, tin plate, pannikin, knife and fork, and pony gear.

At the camp there were six-year-olds starting from scratch in the learners' class.

There were members in their late teens and early 20's, but the biggest group was made up of children in their middle teens.

Every building at the showground was fully occupied.

Girls were housed in the agricultural pavilion and boys dossed down in the bull pen. Their ponies crowded the stables.

The sheep pavilion was transformed into a combined kitchen and dining-room.

The president of the Pony Club, Mr. Stuart McGregor, outlined a typical day's programme:

"At 6 a.m. everyone has a cup of tea to kick off with," he told me. "The children then water their ponies, tie them, groom them, and feed them.

"They return to their dormitories to tidy up before an 8 a.m. breakfast.

"At 8.45 a.m. they go on parade, and from then until 11.45, except for a mid-morning break, they keep hard at their training. After lunch the same routine applies. The day's practical instruction ends at about 4.30 p.m."

Training includes instruction in mounting and dismounting, Light Horse troop drill, show riding, hunting, camp drafting, breaking-in, and shoeing.

The week's camp costs each member £2/5/-, including horse feed.

The camp's resident "mother," Mrs. Min Pearlman, had an enormous family to look after. Her main concern, she told me, was with the small fry, who needed a little moral support now and then.

At mealtimes Sergeant Fred Forbes, camp cook, dominated the scene. Donning his white chef's cap he served appetising food on to the long line-up of tin plates.

On the Friday of the week's camp the club displayed its form in a grand march past through Boggabri.

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The Queen's public life really begins

A short London season follows Court mourning

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The Queen has commanded new and elaborate clothes for Court functions during the season just beginning.

However, the fashions she chose for the postponed Australian tour will be exactly right for Ascot, Palace garden parties, and similar events.

THE colors she selected for the tour were mauve, palest orchid, grey, white, and soft green. The fabrics are cool-looking sheers and stiff French silks.

This collection will set the fashion for the elegant but subdued styles which women will now be wearing.

At the first Royal Ascot of Her Majesty's reign there will be some exquisite dressing.

Unlike the "Black Ascot" of 1910, women will wear colors, but, following the Queen's lead, they will be restrained.

The Duchess of Kent has chosen silver-grey, steel, and black and white. All her frocks are designed on strikingly simple lines.

It will be a young house-party at Windsor Castle during Ascot Week, which begins on June 17.

Queen Elizabeth will have 35 guests, and all the traditions of Royal Ascot will be observed.

The Queen Mother will not be at Ascot. Instead, she will visit Balmoral Castle, which the Queen has put at her disposal, for a fortnight.

At the Trooping of the Color, Queen Elizabeth, riding side-saddle, will again be mounted on her horse Winton.

From Buckingham Palace Her Majesty will have a sovereign's escort to the Horse Guards' Parade, where the traditional, colorful spectacle will be seen by those visitors fortunate enough to get one of the seats being allotted by ballot.

For the first Trooping of the Color of her reign, the Queen will review a smaller muster of troopers and horses of the Household Cavalry than usual.

Only five Guards—groups of 76 men each—will take part in the Trooping instead of eight, because so many men of the Brigade of Guards are serving with the forces overseas.

A highlight of the season will be the Queen's first garden party and first presentation party, at which many Australians hope to be present.

Garden-party frocks will follow the fashions of Ascot and will be in the same mood of subdued elegance.

There has been much speculation on dressing for presentation at Court.

This awaits a Lord Chamberlain's decree.

Although a return to Court feathers is predicted, it is not considered likely that they will be worn again before the Coronation.

For Princess Margaret the season means some private dances, but the 21 Club and other West End haunts of the Princess do not expect to see her.

At the end of Court mourning, the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne, will have a holiday at Balmoral.

The end of Court mourning, on May 31, means the beginning of a long list of debutantes' dances.

With such a curtailed season, most hostesses are combining in twos and threes to give dances to launch their daughters.

In the past few months the "debutante cocktail party" became popular.

These were usually held in smart hotels and were packed with young girls returning from finishing schools in France and Switzerland.

Although, the parties were given during the cocktail hour, tomato juice or soft drinks were often served.

However, the entertainments were planned on a lavish scale with a champagne bar and canasta room for the chaperons.

Londonderry House, which has a beautiful ballroom, has been booked for the entire season.

When Queen Charlotte's ball was held there recently, any one of three of the 250 debutantes who made their bow seemed likely to be the debutante of the year.

One of them is Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, 17-year-old daughter of the Earl of Jersey.

Her mother is an Australian beauty, Patricia Richards, who is now Mrs. Robin Wilson.

The other girls are Jill Howard, 17-year-old granddaughter of the late Stanley Baldwin, and Venetia Lane, a naval officer's daughter who at 19 has charm, poise, and fair beauty that is quite outstanding.

Venetia is taking up dress-designing for a career and has designed and made most of her clothes for her first London season.

An eagerly awaited theatrical event is the return of Noel Coward to the Cafe de Paris early in June.

He will sing the songs of the '20's that were and still are favorites.

Noel Coward is to be followed at the Cafe de Paris by Evelyn Laye, who was in Australia last year.

Miss Laye will star in a cabaret by Jack Buchanan and Harry Richman.

The film world plans to begin the season with a dazzling premiere of "The Importance of Being Earnest," which will be attended by many visiting and British stars.

The film stars Michael Redgrave, Dame Edith Evans, Michael Denison, and Margaret Rutherford.

The Film Garden Party for charity promises, according to the organisers, to be the biggest, the most spectacular, and the most breathtaking ever.

There's to be an invasion of beautiful foreign stars.

For the Italian stars there will be Italian settings, Neapolitan music, and Venetian carnivals.

New find Gina Lo Brigada, who is expected to supplant many other Italian stars, will be there.

London's fashion fortnight begins a few days after Court mourning ends. It will attract buyers from all over the world to the autumn collections of British fashions, fabrics, and accessories.

This is an annual event organised by the combined fashion industry and is now in its fifth year.

The Government will hold a reception at St. James' Palace to welcome overseas buyers.

Fashion houses and the textile trade will fete their overseas visitors.

In their newly designed Fashion Industries' Club, the fashion world will be "at home," with the famous maitre d'hotel Ferrara presiding over the cuisine.

Wimbledon, along with Henley, Goodwood, and Cowes, will be one of the big events of the season.

The season will end shortly after the Queen holds her first Court at Holyrood in Scotland.

Woman cook at Palace

FOR the first time in history Buckingham Palace has a woman chef.

She is Mrs. Alma McKee, who is a Scandinavian. She married a Scot 20 years ago.

Mrs. McKee was chef to the Queen, when she was Princess Elizabeth, at Clarence House.

She could do a smorgasbord for the Duke of Edinburgh, who loves this Scandinavian savory, and she and Prince Charles were always on friendly terms about the nursery cake.

When the Queen moved to Buckingham Palace, it was suggested she should have a male chef.

The Queen declared firmly that women were quite as good cooks as men.

Mrs. McKee is the only woman to belong to the International Chefs de Cuisine, an important body of top-line cooks.

THE QUEEN, then Princess Elizabeth, arriving at a public function with the Duke of Edinburgh shortly before the death of her father. Her new public role will require more elaborate dresses and jewels than she wore as Princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH attended the British Industries Fair in London last month. During the period of Court mourning the Queen chose mainly tailored coats and simple frocks, with small, close-fitting hats. These fashions were particularly becoming.

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NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP

A pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients, specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. Contains no opiates. 2/9, 3/9.

NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR

Specially formulated for infants and children. Contains Ipecacuanha, Squill, Eucalyptus in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Soothes the throat; eases coughing; cuts phlegm; makes breathing easier. 4 oz. bottle —3/6.

NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

A new type of cough treatment which will "break up" even the most stubborn cough. Contains Phenylephrine—a decongestant—which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Codeine—a sedative—which stops coughing and gives torn tissues a chance to heal; Creosote—an antiseptic—which cuts phlegm; plus five active expectorants in a honey base. 5/6, 9/6

NYAL CREOPHOS

Nyal Creophos is more than just a tonic—it is combined cough mixture and tonic. That's one of the reasons why it so effectively clears up the stubborn cough that so often follows flu. Contains nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes—3/9, 6/3, 7/6.

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HAPPY COUPLE. John Saxton and his bride, formerly Janet Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Young, of "Mandillyan North," Molong, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. John, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Saxton, of Brisbane, and his bride will make their home at Clifton Gardens.

NEWLY MARRIED Douglas Stewart and his bride, formerly Prue McCauley, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. J. P. J. McCauley, receive long-distance congratulations from Trevor Johansen in Christchurch, New Zealand, at their reception at the Pickwick Club.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Hilton Hollingdale, of "Barregowa," Cargo, with his bride, formerly Ngaire Heron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Heron, of Rose Bay.

Getting Married

AS June arrives with its traditional wedding bells, the attention of many country people will turn to Sydney as brides and bridegrooms move into the social spotlight.

There will be many country guests at the wedding of Geoffrey Moses and Claudia Beazley at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 2. Claudia, who is the younger daughter of Mrs. R. V. Beazley, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Frank Beazley, will be given away by her brother-in-law, John Hall, of Newcastle, and her sister, Joyce Hall, will be matron of honor. Best man will be Ted Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie.

The wedding will be the second in the Moses clan within a week. Country members of the family, already in town for the wedding of Geoff's nephew, "Tiggy" Moses, and Barbara Vivers, will include Bill and Claire Moses, of "Gunnible," Gonnedah; Fred and Joan Moses, of "Valais," Willow Tree; Henry and Penelope Moses, of "Courallie," Moree; and Wallace and Lelia Sawyer, of "Eringoarrah," Wagga.

• • •

ANOTHER bride who will walk down the aisle at St. Mark's in June will be Susan Smith, whose wedding to Peter Minter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minter, of "Carinya," Gundagai, on June 10, will unite two well-known country families. Susan, who is the second daughter of the Roy Smiths, of "Brooklands," Yass, will be attended by her sisters, Mrs. Peter Barnes, of Rose Bay, and Belinda Smith.

DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Roy McDonald, of Bellevue Hill, and his bride, formerly Heather Fraser, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser, of Bellevue Hill, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. The couple will spend four weeks' honeymoon in New Caledonia.

AT SHORE CHAPEL. Carrying a lamp, the Rev. Nigel Backhouse lights the way for Donald Kraefft and his bride, formerly Margery Hilton Smith, of Drummoyne, during a blackout.

A HOME in Stockton-on-Tees, County Durham, awaits country lass Marie Smith, who will marry Englishman Geoffrey Shaw at St. John's, Darlinghurst, on June 11. Marie, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, of Doonba, Barraba, met her fiance when she stayed with her cousin, Mrs. Philip Clayton, in Yorkshire during her recent trip to England. Geoffrey, who arrives from England by air this week-end, will have Marie's brother Adrian as his best man, and an English friend, Ted Bell, as groomsman. Many relatives and friends from the country will be among guests saying farewell to Marie, who will leave with her husband by air for England on June 18.

• • •

JUST back from a visit to "Booroondara," Cobar, where her fiance, Ian Chapman, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Chapman, live, Pamela Peachey is looking forward to making her home there after her wedding at The King's School Chapel on June 18. Pamela is a former country lass herself and lived in the Moree district before coming to Sydney with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Peachey. The wedding gown Pamela has chosen has six skirts and is made from 70 yards of white nylon tulle. She will be attended by four bridesmaids—Ian's sister Morna, Sue Windsor, Rae Emms, and Dorothy McIntyre. The honeymoon will be spent touring southern States.

A HONEY-COLORED lace wedding frock was included in the luggage which Eileen Bean took on her flight back to England to be married to Duncomb York on June 7. She had been visiting her mother, Mrs. R. Bean, of Vaucluse. Eileen met her fiance while on holidays in England last year. Although there will be no Australian relatives at the quiet wedding in the little village church at Capel, in Surrey, it will still be a family gathering, as both families have been lifelong friends, and Eileen's younger sister, Mrs. R. S. York, of Vaucluse, is the wife of Duncomb's younger brother. Duncomb is the son of the late Mr. Reginald H. York, of Buenos Aires, and the late Mrs. York, of Streatham, England. He and Eileen plan to visit Australia in 18 months.

• • •

SPECIAL wedding gift for Beverley Edds and Malcolm Anderson, who will marry at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on June 21, will be a color film of the ceremony taken by Malcolm's brother-in-law, George Brown, who is coming up from Melbourne with his wife and two small children, Susan and Roger, for the occasion. Beverley, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Edds, of Vaucluse, will wear a dress of Swiss embroidered organdie and will be attended by Mrs. Alan Anderson, of Double Bay. Malcolm is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Anderson, of Elizabeth Bay.

Anne

WEDDING IN ORANGE. Douglas MacNicol, of Sydney and Grenfell, with his bride, formerly Jean Kennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Kennett, of Orange, at their wedding reception.

TO LIVE AT CANDELO. Bob Gunning, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gunning, of Bombala, leaves St. Stephen's with his bride, formerly Hilary Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Clark, of Bombala.

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TRIUMPHANT ROMAN HERO Marcus Vinicius (Robert Taylor) returns with his military legions after three years of conquest in the north. In celebration of his victories, a mammoth procession is ordered by Emperor Nero.

LOVE STORY of Marcus Vinicius and lovely, shy Lygia (Deborah Kerr) begins in the home of his friend. Lygia is a girl of Royal birth and is held as a military hostage.

ST. PETER (Finlay Currie), right, preaches the Christian tenet of "love thy neighbor" in secret. Escaping her captors, Lygia joins the gathering, but is trailed there by Marcus. The girl's bodyguard, Ursus, saves her from recapture.

NERO (Peter Ustinov), above, stands on his palace roof, strumming a lyre and singing a dirge while Rome burns.

PANIC-STRICKEN MOB in burning city are led to safety through an underground tunnel by Marcus, who races there in his chariot to rescue Lygia when he learns of the fire. Emperor Nero, at Poppaea's suggestion, convinces the people it was the Christians who set fire to Rome.

Scenes from "Q

★ Hollywood went to Rome in the brilliant summer of 1950 and shot the most expensive film ever made—"Quo Vadis?"

The impact of Christianity on ancient Rome under Emperor Nero is the theme of M.G.M.'s spectacular production.

For sheer concentration of glamor, man-power, and money "Quo Vadis?" is the most notable film this company has made since "Ben Hur" in the 'twenties.

How it compares with earlier successful versions of the elaborate drama only old-time moviegoers can hazard an opinion.

Here, to mark its arrival in Australia, are scenes from the picture, which may be released during this year.

FLIGHT OF PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS from Rome halts when St. Peter sees a strange shaft of light through trees. Falling on his knees, St. Peter asks, "Quo Vadis, Domine?" ("Whither goest Thou, Lord?"). The response causes Peter to turn back to Rome to help bring comfort to tortured Christians.

PETRONIUS, Roman dictator of elegance and uncle of Marcus (Leo Genn), and beautiful slave girl Eunice (Marina Berti), who loves him deeply, decide to end their lives rather than live in the depraved world of their Emperor.

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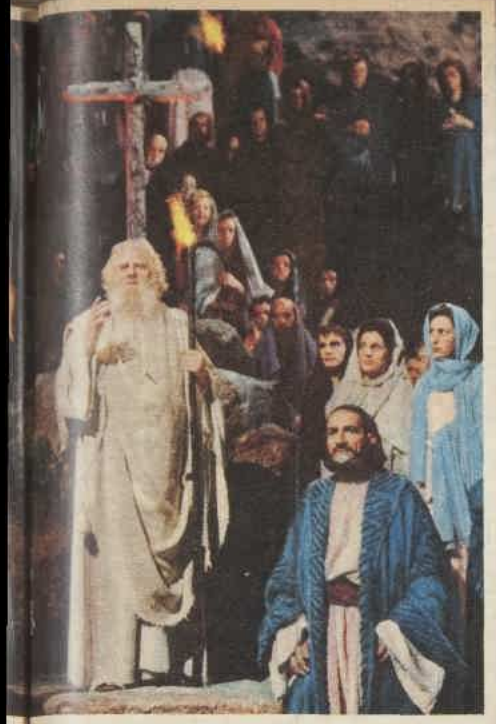

QUO VADIS?"

FILM CAST

Robert Taylor	Marcus Vinicius
Deborah Kerr	Lygia
Leo Genn	Petronius
Peter Ustinov	Nero
Buddy Baer	Ursus
Patricia Laffan	Poppaea
Marina Berti	Eunice
Felix Aylmer	Plautius
Finlay Currie	Peter
Nora Swinburne	Pomponia
Abraham Sofaer	Paul
Ralph Truman	Tigellinus
Norman Woodland	Nerva
Rosalie Crutchley	Acte
Peter Miles	Nazarius
Elspeth March	Miriam

EMPRESS POPPAEA (Patricia Laffan), cruel wife of Nero, tries to lure Marcus away from thoughts of Lygia without success. Failure enrages her against both Marcus and Lygia. Poppaea is a power behind the throne and exerts a strange hold over the Emperor.

GIANTS FIGHT BEASTS IN ARENA. Saved from death by her bodyguard Ursus, Lygia turns to Marcus, who has broken his chains and leapt from the Royal box into the arena to help her. With a group of loyal soldiers, Marcus frees Lygia. Addressing the crowd, Marcus sways them against the Emperor. Nero flees in terror to his palace.

FRENZIED NERO strangles Poppaea, whom he blames for his plight. As the mob storms into his palace Nero, realising that the end has come, kills himself with a dagger.

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by Cashmere Bouquet

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Rocky Mountain

FRIVOLOUS Errol Flynn comes through with a sober performance that becomes a man fighting for a lost cause in Warners' better than average Western "Rocky Mountain."

Here he neither pauses in amorous dalliance with Patrice Wymore (the only girl in the film and his real-life wife) nor does he win through to the happy fadeout of a man, a girl, and a horse against the sunset.

"Rocky Mountain" recounts a little-known episode which took place during the closing days of the American Civil War.

A small band of colorful rough-riders led by Southern cavalryman Flynn ventures into inhospitable Californian territory; their mission is to whip up diversionary action there.

The plan fails and, caught between the fire of Union forces and redskins on the warpath, the adventurers go down in a fighting last stand.

As the fiancee of Yankee Lieut. Scott Forbes (whose screen name was Julien Dallas when he played the villain opposite Jean Kent in the British film "The Reluctant Widow"), Patrice Wymore is a pretty, blue-eyed nonentity.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ Battle at Apache Pass

JEFF CHANDLER, the noble Indian of "Broken Arrow," turns up in the identical role of Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahuas, in Universal's big technicolor Western "Battle at Apache Pass."

This time Cochise is the friend of honest cavalry commander John Lund, who has established himself as unofficial guardian of Indian rights in the territory.

Inevitably renegade whites break the big peace; this causes Cochise to join forces with Geronimo's warriors, and the whole Indian nation hits the warpath.

If you like color, broadly staged action, and are sentimental about a noble savage who believes that the West is big enough for all, you will find "Battle at Apache Pass" easy enough to take.

As the wife of mighty Cochise, Susan Cabot is disturbingly Anglo-Saxon, and Beverly Tyler hardly registers at all.

In Sydney—Victory.

Wherever She Goes

EALING'S unpretentious Australian-made film attempts to trace events in the early life of now famous Australian concert pianist Eileen Joyce.

The film falls short both as a biography and as a piece of filmcraft.

From a humpy in Tasmanian bushland, action takes the penniless Joyce family to goldmine workings at Kalgoorlie, where Eileen first learns to play the piano as a schoolgirl.

Later Eileen wins a scholarship, and with money provided by local inhabitants goes off to study music in Perth.

Little Suzanne Parrett is charmingly natural as the child Eileen, and Muriel Steinbeck is convincing as her harassed mother.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Captain Fury," drama of early Australia starring Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen. Plus "Saps at Sea," starring Laurel and Hardy. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★★ "People Will Talk," modern comedy starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," technicolor Western starring Joanne Dru, John Agar. Plus "The Window," starring Ruth Roman, Barbara Hale, Arthur Kennedy, Bobby Driscoll. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Browning Version," drama starring Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Wherever She Goes," story of pianist Eileen Joyce starring Muriel Steinbeck, Nigel Lovell, Suzanne Parrett. (See review this page.) Plus "A Run For Your Money," British comedy starring Alec Guinness, Moira Lister.

LYRIC.—★★ "Unconquered," period drama starring Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard. Plus "Speed to Spare," thriller starring Richard Arlen. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—★ "Starlift," star-spangled musical starring Janice Rule, Dick Wesson, Ron Hagerthy. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "Rocky Mountain," period Western starring Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore. (See review this page.) Plus "The Hoodlum," thriller starring Lawrence Tierney.

REGENT.—★★ "The Desert Fox," wartime story of Rommel starring James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessica Tandy. Plus "Man With My Face," mystery starring Barry Nelson.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "The Belle of New York," technicolor musical starring Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Keenan Wynn. Plus "Sellout," legal drama starring Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak, Audrey Totter.

VARIETY.—★ "Topper Takes a Trip," comedy starring Roland Young, Constance Bennett. Plus "St. Martin's Lane," starring Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—★ "Battle at Apache Pass," technicolor Western starring John Lund, Jeff Chandler, Susan Cabot. (See review this page.) Plus "Finders Keepers," comedy starring Tom Ewell, Julie Adams.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"The River," technicolor romantic drama starring Adrienne Corri, Tom Breen, Patricia Walters. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—"Elopement," romantic comedy starring Clifton Webb, Anne Francis, William Lundigan. Plus "Three Steps North," thriller starring Lloyd Bridges.

PALACE.—"Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison," prison drama starring Steve Cochran, David Brian. Plus "Arthur Takes Over" starring Louis Collier. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—"A Place in the Sun," drama starring Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters. Plus featurettes.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

News from Studios

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

BRITAIN'S first "life-like" film will be of the ballet "Black Swan," starring Beryl Grey. They are using the new stereoscopic or three-dimensional cameras—first shown at the Festival of Britain—which show actors "in depth" so life-like that the audience has the impression it can reach out and touch the objects photographed.

★ ★ ★

SIR ALEXANDER KORDA has been acting as a host and patron to writers. In one cabin on his yacht, Orson Welles has nearly finished his vast novel, "Mister Arkaddin." In a neighboring cabin, best-seller Graham Greene, author of "The Third Man," is writing his first play.

★ ★ ★

NEWLYWED Glynis Johns is returning to England with the status of an international star to star opposite Richard Todd in Walt Disney's new all-live film "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

★ ★ ★

BRITAIN and Hollywood are joining hands to provide a new international romantic team—Anna Neagle and John Wayne. All in technicolor, their string of new films will include Daphne du Maurier's "The King's General" and Conrad's "Laughing Anne."

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THE *New Soluble* ASPIRIN

D1

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Use SOFTASILK AFTER WASHING UP
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AFTER PEELING VEGETABLES

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GIANT ECONOMY

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1 PIRATE captain Anne Providence (Jean Peters) frees prisoner Pierre Francois (Louis Jourdan), centre, during a skirmish with a British merchant ship. She forces him to sign on with her crew to replace a member who was killed.

2 PRESENTATION of a jewelled sword collected as booty is made by Anne to her pirate mentor Blackbeard (Thomas Gomez), centre. Pierre slips away during party, but is recaptured.

ANNE OF THE INDIES

STAR Jean Peters has her most athletic film assignment in the title role of Fox's technicolor adventure "Anne of the Indies."

As a temperamental lady buccaneer of early days and captain of the pirate ship Sheba Queen, Jean fights six sword duels, whips Louis Jourdan, knocks out the front teeth of Thomas Gomez, shoots seventeen men, makes thirteen more walk the plank, tortures Debra Paget, and slashes Herbert Marshall with a cutlass.

3 THRASHING is given Pierre for refusal to discuss escapade. Ship's doctor hands Anne half a treasure map owned by Pierre, who claims other half is in Jamaica.

4 FURIOUS FIGHT between Anne and Blackbeard follows his revelation that Pierre, with whom Anne is now smitten, is not the smuggler she believes him to be, but a member of the French Navy.

5 KIDNAPPED by Anne while she is in Jamaica to recover the map, Pierre's wife, Molly (Debra Paget), centre, is taken aboard Sheba Queen. Pierre chases them in his old ship, and Blackbeard brings up the rear.

6 REUNION with his wife in Sheba Queen after enforced capitulation to Anne brings Pierre short-lived happiness. Anne ill-treats them and threatens to sell Molly in the slave market.

7 INTOXICATED, Anne is persuaded by ship's doctor (Herbert Marshall) to put Pierre and Molly ashore when Sheba Queen drops anchor. They are in a state of collapse. Sheba Queen is pursued by Blackbeard when she sails on tide.

8 FLAMES envelop Sheba Queen after a fierce battle with Blackbeard. Anne and most of her crew are killed in the fight. From safety, Pierre and Molly watch ship sink.

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Hollywood's new film hero

BRIDE Shelley Winters (left) took a European holiday and found a husband, but not the one everybody expected. At left she wears a period dress in a recent film in which she plays a lady gambler who sets out to tame the Wild West.

Italian star risked his future for bride's sake

Can a Continental theatrical star leave his native country, journey to Hollywood without a sponsor, and win a hefty contract there within a couple of months of his arrival? It seems that he can.

HANDSOME Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, who is the new bridegroom of American film star Shelley Winters, did just this.

Giving up a flourishing European career and flying off to Hollywood with Shelley Winters could have been a risky phase in the career of the young Italian.

That Gassman realised the implications of his action is borne out by a gallant remark he made as he boarded an airliner for Hollywood.

"You can't pay a woman a better compliment than risk your career for her," he said.

His world has been Rome's cafe society, with its rowdy chatter, its warm friendships, and its shop-talk of films and plays.

But love laughs at problems and luck was with Vittorio.

Within two months of reaching the West Coast, Gassman signed a long-term movie contract with M.G.M., and was immediately handed a key role in "Sombrero," in which he shares top billing with Fernando Lamas, Ricardo Montalban, and Cyd Charisse.

Hollywood feels that young Gassman's talent rather than his wife's persuasive qualities decided movie powers-that-be to add his name to their lists of contract players and immediately put him on celluloid.

The Winters-Gassman wedding took place in Juarez, Mexico, at the end of April, and in one way and another it caused quite a to-do among Hollywoodites.

Their whirlwind romance blossomed just when Hollywood had made up its mind that at last Shelley meant to marry her favorite American beau, popular star Farley Granger. Instead she chose an Italian husband.

It was love at first sight for Hollywood's screen bad girl Shelley and Italy's screen bad boy Gassman, who is lean, curly-haired, and handsome in a hungry sort of way.

Shelley and her Vittorio met on the last lap of her 1951 "chaperoned vacation," on which she was accompanied by buddy Farley Granger. Columnists reported them engaged; Shelley said they were "just pals."

However platonic it was, from Rome onwards Farley was playing gooseberry.

Stayed in Europe

MEETING Vittorio prolonged Shelley's European trip. She arrived back in Hollywood to find that her studio had suspended her for playing the wag.

She greeted the news with a beatific smile and announced that she and Vittorio would be married in America as soon as the bridegroom's divorce came through.

Less than two hours after Mexican authorities granted him a divorce from his Italian wife, Nora, Gassman and Shelley were quietly married.

It was the second marriage for both.

Much has been heard of the blonde, robust Shelley since her appearance opposite Ronald Colman in "A Double Life" put her poodle-cut and her sing-song wisecracks on the film map.

BRIDEGROOM Vittorio Gassman (above), Italian husband of actress Shelley Winters. He is an accomplished archer, basketball star, and all-round athlete.

Shelley is a friendly soul with an ironic twinkle in her eyes and a breezy conversational manner.

Her style of acting, she admits, is only a "gimmick" — a "something different" that you need to build up a star personality.

Much less is known of Vittorio Gassman, though he has been a personality on the Italian screen for nearly six years.

He played the star lead opposite Silvana Mangano in the Italian film "Bitter Rice," which was a box-office hit overseas. The film is now being shown to Australian audiences, with whom it is less successful.

Since then, Vittorio has co-starred with the voluptuous Silvana Mangano in two more big films. And in each he has played his typical role — the lean, vicious good-looker who has the heroine under a spell and treats her like dirt.

Gassman is that rare person—a real all-rounder. He is a fine athlete, swims well, runs, is in championship class at basketball; yet at the same time he is studious, an author, and has a strong, intellectual approach to his work.

Vittorio is gay, lively, impulsive. He speaks the sort of academy-trained Italian that a first-year language student would understand. At 27 he is at the top, not only in Italian films but in the Italian theatre, too.

Gassman insists that Hollywood must grant him four months off every year to work in his native Italy.

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Come to tea . . .

there's delicious Peek Frean's Shortcake !

You're having an afternoon at home . . . with your favourite friends and your prettiest cups . . . and, just to make everything perfect, Peek Frean's Shortcake! This is a biscuit to grace any table: rich, golden, nourishing, with a delicious texture, and packed full of food value. There isn't a plainer, sweeter way of saying, "You're most welcome!" But be prepared to see your Shortcake melt like the morning mists. They're irresistible and good for you, too!

Peek Frean's SHORTCAKE

Another of Peek Frean's Celebrated Biscuits

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Parisian Plumage

★ Dashing and elaborately feathered hats are millinery news from Paris. The shape can be small or large, the feathers curled or uncurled. On this page we show three feathered models, all in different sizes and shapes.

● Jacques Griffe treats ostrich feathers in the grand manner, above. He takes beige-tinted plumes to fringe the underbrim of a straw picture hat.

● White feather wig-like cap, above, is designed for the opera. The model follows the hair-line and is shaped up to leave the wearer's ears uncovered.

● Uncurled ostrich plumes matched to the wearer's hair, left, provide an amusing mane-like headdress. Jean Desses mounts the feathers on a tiny skull cap.

This Simple Tip makes any dinner go off well, win praise from family and guests alike

Delicious Surprise!

TRY AUNT MARY'S TOMATO SOUP IN THIS NEW RECIPE

Savoury Spaghetti en Casserole

8 oz. can Aunt Mary's Tomato Soup.
½ lb. spaghetti.
½ lb. sausages.
1 cup diced potatoes.
1 onion.
½ cup chopped celery.
2 Granny Smith apples (grated)
1 cup milk.

Cook spaghetti and drain, fry the skinned sausages, celery, potato and onion until lightly browned. Place spaghetti into a buttered casserole dish, together with the sausages, arranged in a layer, and then the other vegetables. Top with the grated apple. Blend the concentrated tomato soup straight from the can and milk or vegetable stock together, and pour over. Bake in a moderate oven for ½ hour.

Any dinner that commences with Aunt Mary's Tomato Soup is off to a flying start. It's wonderful! The smooth, creamy texture, the lovely, full, true-to-nature tomato flavour wins everybody. Just look at the empty bowls — not a drop left in anybody's!

Aunt Mary's Tomato Soup is the purest money can buy. It's concentrated — makes double the quantity in the can. Only the choicest of specially grown tomatoes are used, processed whilst at their freshest, with rare spices added to give an even more delicious flavour. Make to-night's dinner a romping success—start off with Aunt Mary's Tomato Soup.

Aunt Mary's

CONCENTRATED

Makes twice the quantity

Tomato Soup

Ask for—INSIST ON—Aunt Mary's at your grocer's or store

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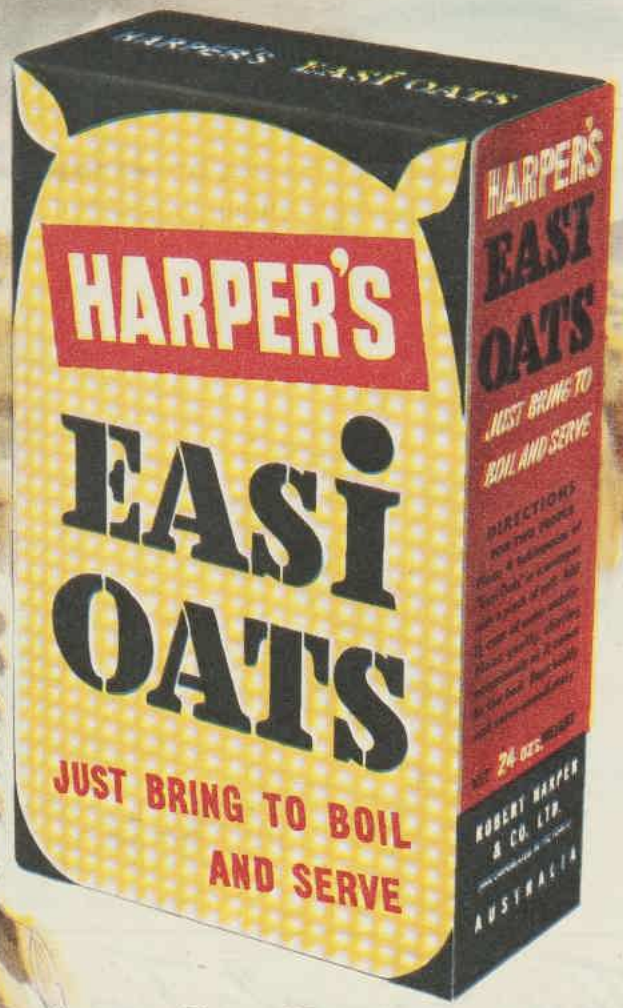

Cooks in 3 minutes to give your family a delicious nourishing hot breakfast

Here's a fine breakfast for the family — hot! hearty! nourishing! And cooked in a quick 3 minutes. Easi-Oats is easy to make, easy on the gas, and gives more nourishment for less cost. A leading University has proved that a good nourishing breakfast like Easi-Oats is richest in life-giving protein. Your family needs Easi-Oats for health, strength and stamina. Watch them thrive on this fine natural food!

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Designs from Lanvin

Individual interpretation of the autumn-winter silhouette by Lanvin's Spanish-born designer Castillo.

● Heavy blanket wool in ginger-brown makes the full-length winter coat, left. The model has a collar and front trim in black velvet and is designed to be worn loose or with a neat black belt.

● Fitted town coat, above, is made in a superbly soft violet wool. The design features deep raglan sleeves and a draped collar fastened with a matching colored flower. A faille lining holds out the skirt.

● Large full coat, above, is designed for comfortable travelling. The model is made in a thick mustard wool and has a black silk faille lining. Note dropped shoulders below yoke and hidden button fastening.

● Two-piece suit, right, is made in soft brown reversible wool. The semi-fitted jacket has a small high rolled collar peaked at the back, and is finished with two low-placed pockets. The narrow skirt is wrapped over in front.

● Dark grey wool suit, left, has a moulded hip-length jacket finished with slit pockets and a high - standing collar which juts into a shaped petal effect on left side. The skirt silhouette is bell-shaped with a front panel.

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fur news

Debs choose White Chinese Lapin, 15 gns.

Nothing looks quite so ravishing as fur against the fresh beauty of youth. No wonder so many mothers bring their teenage daughters to try on these exquisite little evening capes. The finest, fluffiest, whitest lapin pelts . . . beautifully, youthfully styled . . with all the modest, regal charm of snowy ermine. This long cape-stole is 15 gns., other ermine-tipped elbow capes are only 8 gns.

£3 lay-by deposit . . . 6 months to pay! *It doesn't matter whether your fur is £6 or £60 (or even more), Cornelius will gladly put it aside for you for £3. That makes fur buying really easy on your budget! Think of it . . . for 40/– a week you could own a fabulous mink musquash cape or a knee-length fox stole. And furs such as these are investments that will last half a lifetime.*

Magnificent hip-length cape, 48 gns.

You can have this wonderful flared cape in rich Russian Peschaniki or silky Pastel Mink Musquash. It's a glamous fur creation that is so practical you can wear it morning, noon or night. Over a suit or dress it looks superb. Imagine the luxury of wearing it for cocktails . . . for the theatre . . . for balls. Why not put it on lay-by?

FREE! Your fur is serviced after 6 months

Every Cornelius fur carries a guarantee tag that ensures the super-grade quality of each fur pelt used. It also entitles you to a FREE Fur Servicing six months after purchase.

Fashion Scoop! Mink Marmot jacket 98 gns.

Direct from New York comes this extravagant fur style. Flowing finger-tip jacket with deep cuffs and a broad, sweeping cravat. Fur fanciers will rave over the superb skin work. Do come in and see this show piece.

Mail Orders Accepted! *There are unlimited quantities of every fur illustrated on this page. Just drop us a line, and we'll give your request personal attention.*

Amazing Offer! Full length Lapin Coat 19 gns.

Incredible! A real fur coat for the price of an ordinary topcoat. And wait till you see what the Cornelius wizards do to lapin. Soft, lush fur dyed to the soft muted shades of mink and sable. So supple and light to wear . . . so glamorous for every occasion. No wonder American girls have gone crazy over this new style of lapin coat. Try one on tomorrow!

Silver Fox

CAPES AND COLLARS UNDER 19 GNS!

Cape Collars 6 gns.

Magnificent little furs that do wonders for last year's winter suit or coat. Amazing half price offer. Same style as photographed. Imported fox in golden-honey and rich sable-brown now only 6 gns.

Cape Collars 9 gns.

Deep fluting folds of fur to frame your face . . . or wear on your arm as a luxurious muff. Hundreds to choose from. In blue-beige and glowing cross fox 9 gns.

Cape Collars 14 gns.

Fabulous Silver Fox can be yours! Deep cape collars exactly like the one in the photograph are being offered at almost exactly half price. These richly silvered furs and expensive pearl-grey fox collars have been included in a special 14 gn. offer for Aust. Women's Weekly readers.

Waist Capes 17 gns.

. . . as photographed on the left. No wonder so many women prefer the luxurious glamour of fox! It's so flattering . . . so formal! So right for night . . . so perfect for day wear. Don't miss these wonderful sable-brown and golden-honey fox capes at 17 gns.

Waist Capes 19 gns.

In extravagant Silver Fox same style as photo. Never before have such beautifully-toned, rich pelted fox capes been offered at this amazing price. Hundreds of super-grade silver fox, blue-beige and cross fox capes at 19 gns.

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DANGER in the dark or EVEREADY flashlights to the rescue

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AN "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT WOULD HAVE MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

"THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT SHADOW"

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Make sure you always have your "Eveready"-flashlight close at hand—and make doubly sure it's always powered with "Eveready" batteries. They give brighter light, longer life—and they're always reliable.

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"Eveready" is the registered trade-mark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

Worth Reporting

WE were brought up to date on some of the characteristics of the teen-age autograph hunter, vintage 1952, at one of Paul Badura-Skoda's Sydney concerts.

The 24-year-old Viennese pianist was faced with a formidable array of young signature collectors at the conclusion of his programme.

Denise Wales, of Strathfield, N.S.W., was our informant. She was in the long queue of girls and boys holding programmes for the artist to sign.

"Anyone who tries to queue-jump an artistic celebrity shows bad taste," Denise said. "It's different with people like Mischa Auer and Dick Savitt. They expect us to put on an act."

Many upper-bracket hunters disdained using autograph books, Denise told us.

They preferred to have the signatures recorded on programmes or ticket stubs, which were later transferred to scrapbooks.

This method added to the value and authenticity of the autographs.

Denise and her senior teen-age girl-friends consider autographs of what they call "artistic celebrities" equal in value to those of overseas theatricals, visiting authors, members of the 1951 Davis Cup team, and selected track athletes and swimmers for the Olympic Games.

The value of a politician's or a glamor mannequin's signature is considered about even, unless the politician is the Prime Minister.

Car-owners can help T.B. cases

IF you have a car and want to do something to help tuberculosis sufferers, you can take part in a scheme planned by two Sydney women, Mrs. George Ainsworth, known in London during the war for her "adoption of the R.A.A.F.," and Miss E. A. Raine, formerly director of the Red Cross voluntary transport service.

Miss Raine said that T.B. sufferers in Sydney found great difficulty in travelling between their homes and their doctors' and dentists' surgeries, clinics, or hospitals.

Many husbands or wives and young families wishing to visit a parent sick in a T.B. sanitorium also experienced transport hardships.

Car-owners willing to drive patients or their families should contact Miss Raine at the T.B. League of N.S.W., 33 Margaret Street, Sydney.

Drivers may volunteer to be of service when required or state when they are available—how many times a week, month, or year.

A fireman who works on a night shift has already offered to drive during the day.

* * *

DON'T touch the lovely fruit with your dirty hands, dear! The other morning we overheard a mother waiting to be served at a city fruit barrow reprimand her child in the following terms: "You let me see you touch that fruit with your nice clean gloves again and you'll get it!"

There's something about a pipe

THESE points were made at a recent convention of the National Association of Tobacco Distributors held in Chicago.

More than half of the 20 million pipes sold annually in the United States are bought by women—for men.

A pipe makes a man look more masculine, but it is usually a woman who starts him smoking it.

Most men to be seen puffing contentedly at their briars were encouraged to take up pipe-smoking by their wives or sweethearts.

* * *

AN advertisement in a Sicilian newspaper reads: "Trousseau in exchange for instructive handbook on how to make a plain girl loveable."

Profile for stamp issue

PROFILE pictures of the Queen, wearing a black evening gown and a tiara, have been taken by London photographer Dorothy Wilding to be copied in Britain's new issue of stamps and coins.

"In taking a portrait for this purpose the photographer has to be especially careful, as neither the forehead, chin, nor head must appear to thrust forward," Miss Wilding told one of our London staff.

The Duke of Edinburgh is helping to select suitable pictures.

Four designs for each stamp will be submitted to the Queen.

Miss Wilding photographed the Queen's father and mother when they came to the throne, and again in 1946 for their silver wedding stamp.

Sister to fifteen

QUEENSLANDER Sister Doris Just, who will attend an international tuberculosis conference in London in July, is a sister to fifteen other members of her family as well as a qualified nursing sister.

Although smaller than most of them (at 5ft. 2in.), she is "big sister" to them all.

Sister Just has spent the past four years in Melbourne at the Women's Hospital, the Eye and Ear Hospital, and latterly at the Gresswell Sanitorium.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. W. Just, live at Haden, near Toowoomba, Queensland, with four of their 16 children. The youngest, Serena, is four.

Their eldest, Arnold, is 34, and is a Queensland Housing Commission architect. Doris is the second child.

Five of the six sisters were schoolteachers. Four are now married. Mr. and Mrs. Just have eleven grandchildren.

"Mother had her first holiday for 30 years when I went home for three months last year," Sister Just said. "It was hard work getting her away, but we did it."

The Just family holds a Queensland educational record. So far, 12 members have won high-school scholarships.

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A dash of inside information might put you on to a good proposition, but influences could be deceptive, so proceed with caution. June 4 worth watching.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): There's a touch of extravagance about May 31, with a hang-the-consequences attitude, but personal enjoyment compensates. June 3 brings a small triumph.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Drip Gemini charm on June 2; there's more at stake than you realise, and you'll need to be a fast worker if you want to hit the target on June 4. Most of you can if you try.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): For quite a few May 31 shoots storm clouds between you and those rainbow hopes, but if you'll assert yourself on June 3 the initiative can be yours. It's up to you.

LEO (July 23-August 22): A romantic effect on May 31 is out of place. Be a pal, but don't overdo it. Group interests — artistic, literary, or sporting — are favored for most on June 3.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): June 2 can hardly fail to heighten your prestige in your business, social, or domestic sphere. June 4 beams on travel or study matters.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Librans may find May 31 a day of mixed blessings; try to forget any small disappointment and make the most of what is offered. Evening of June 3 excellent.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Pushing a heavy load uphill, with Scorpio's iron will to make the grade? Friendly help from an unexpected quarter due June 4.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Your team is on the winning side. Fun with the crowd seems indicated for May 31 or June 1. June 5 could give you a jab in the ribs.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Torn between your sense of duty and the desire to have a good time, June 3 might enable you to combine both, with a happy aftermath.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If in love, June 1 should be glamorous. Otherwise, a spot of luck for you or your marriage partner. Keep on a steady keel on June 3.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A wonderful week for improving domestic routine, adopting labor-saving methods, and getting advice on decoration or the wardrobe.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI—

and which has the expensive perm?

(See answer below)

Hairstyle by a leading stylist.

Toni for a soft, *natural* look

You'll see for yourself! The deep, rippling waves and soft curls of Toni have all the appearance of naturally curly hair. That's because Toni Home Perm has the gentlest waving lotion known.

And ONLY TONI has the exclusive SPIN Curlers which grip—spin—and lock with a flick of the finger and give a perfect curl. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn kinks. From the first day, your Toni looks and acts like naturally curly hair.

Which twin has the Toni?... Lovely Nola and June Fookes come from Westmead, N.S.W. Compare Nola's Toni (on the right) with June's expensive perm. You'll agree no other perm can surpass the natural beauty of Toni. And, for her next perm, all Nola will need is a Toni Refill.

For Whole Head: Kit with SPIN Curlers 30/6; Refill 15/
For End Curls: Kit with Midget Curlers 17/9; Junior Refill 10/9

FOR EXPERT ADVICE on *waving and hairstyling problems, write Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.*

Y3/201

Toni HOME PERM WITH *SPIN* CURLERS

Just like naturally curly hair!

THE KNIGHT SAT PENSIVE in the HALL

the Vassals stood around:
None durst among them, great or small,
Create the slightest sound.
"Gadzooks!" he cried, and roared with rage,
"This cough I'll not endure,
So quickly, Knaves, and send my Page
For

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON

Charles Shaw.

A drama on a mid-Pacific Island. The controversial story that everyone is discussing.

14/6

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- BEEF EXTRACT

Pantry to plate in next to no time . . . that's Swift! No matter which Swift hot meal you choose to serve, you may be sure that it will be a taste treat, tops in quality and full of flavour. Look for the red, blue and white label . . . your guarantee of a good meal.

Swift

Grocer Sam says:

Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD

Swift Australian Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

"Nation-wide manufacturers and distributors of famous products"

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Sheers, despite their long fashion reign, are still one of the most glamorous materials for a girl's formal evening dress. A typical design of the season is chosen and illustrated at right. The design is given in answer to the reader's query below. It also answers similar requests from this week's mailbag.

EVENING DRESS. Requires 3¾yds. 108in. net or 10yds. 36in. chiffon. Obtainable in 32in. to 38in. bust. Pattern price, 6/6.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 6/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

"WITH your help I hope to make myself a really glamorous frock for the dance season. I am 19 and have a bustline that is good if I wear a strapless bra."

A tucked bodice moulded to the figure with a matching stole scarf attached to the bodice and an all-round gathered skirt are the important style points of the dance dress I have chosen for you. I suggest flesh-pink or pale primrose-yellow for the color, and net organdie or chiffon over matching taffeta for the material.

To make the frock you will require 3¾yds. 108in. net or 10yds. 36in. chiffon. A paper pattern is obtainable in 32in. to 38in. bust, priced at 6/6.

For holidays

"MY annual holiday is being spent on the Queensland coast. I have several light skirts and tops and several wool cardigans, but would like some other fashion idea."

A one-piece playsuit and easy-to-don matching skirt or a button-down-the-front coat-dress make excellent fashion for a warm climate. Choose a pastel color that will be flattering to your sun-tan.

Mature style

"WOULD you suggest how I could combine lace and georgette in a frock with a floor-length skirt? I am in my late forties, but have a slim figure. I have only 1½yds. of lace."

Use the 1½yds. of lace for a bodice section reaching to just below the bustline, and finish it with a deep V decolletage and tiny sleeves. Below, have a wide, tucked cummerbund made in georgette. The skirt is moderately wide. Though I have described the design in sections, it will, of course, be all in one piece.

Smart topper

"I WOULD appreciate a smart style for a topper to wear over narrow skirts. My material is a black-and-white check wool with a little over a quarter of a yard of black velveteen for trimming."

A perfect topper to wear with a slim skirt is wrist-length designed on boxy lines. The length could be varied an inch or two to suit your height and figure proportions. Have the topper made with a yoke top, three-button closing, and tiny mandarin collar in black velveteen.

Skirt problem

"I AM making a woollen frock and would like your advice about the skirt. I have fairly big hips. Would a tight skirt make them look bigger? A very full skirt does not suit me."

A narrow skirtline tends to make hips look broad. Furthermore, although the full skirt is regarded as the important one of the season a more modified line is coming in. You could choose a skirt with cluster pleating, one with low-flared fullness or fullness falling softly from a smoother hipline. Another easy-to-wear and currently fashionable skirt silhouette is cut in shaped gores designed to "bell" out gently at the hemline.

Fashion FROCKS

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 51.

"PATTIE." — Small girl's tailored overcoat obtainable in all-wool worsted flannel. The color choice is mid-grey, navy, and burgundy, with a corduroy velveteen trim in red, grey, brown, and blue. Please state color choice. The coat is completely lined.

Ready to Wear.—20in. length, for 4yrs., 105/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 23in. length, for 6yrs., 107/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 27in. length, for 8yrs., 109/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 31in. length, for 10yrs., 111/11. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. 34in. length, for 12yrs., 116/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only.—20in. length, for 4yrs., 84/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 23in. length, for 6yrs., 86/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 27in. length, for 8yrs., 88/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 31in. length, for 10yrs., 92/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. 34in. length, for 12yrs., 95/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"MAUREEN."—A petticoat-slip featuring a lace and ribbon trim is obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice is white, sky-blue, and pastel pink.

Ready to Wear.—Sizes 24½in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 43/6; 30in. and 32in. waist, 46/9.

Cut Out Only. — Sizes 24½in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 35/3; 30in. and 32in. waist, 38/-. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

"CLYTIE."—Tailored panties styled with side fastenings and elastic shirred leg with a lace trim. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice is white, sky-blue, and pastel pink. The panties are obtainable ready to wear only. Sizes SSW, SW, and W. Price, 15/3. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

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To Paris With Love

Continued from page 9

GINNY began to sob in earnest — she knew she couldn't go! If she were honest she'd have to go right back to the office this afternoon and tell the truth. It would come out, anyway, the minute they landed in Paris. She wasn't even resourceful and beautiful like Esther. She'd be completely dependent on Larry instead of him on her.

Suddenly she sat up. Why not be dependent on Larry? Maybe he'd see then that she was more than a stick of office furniture, a woman yielding to temptation, human, and perhaps even lovable because of her frailty.

In those weeks of Esther's vacation she'd thought he had seen her as a person and liked her for herself. She'd thought his eyes were honest when they probed her so inquiringly, so . . . well, admiringly. What did she have to lose if she took the trip with him and worked hard to justify it? His respect? Well, she'd lose that anyway if she went back and told him she'd lied about living in France.

Suppose she lost her job when she came back? She'd have to resign now, anyway. Afterwards, with the glorious two weeks behind her, she could get another job or go back home to her Paris triumphantly, a woman of the world. No one, not even her parents, would ever have to know that she came home in disgrace.

"But I'd know," Ginny whispered. "I'd always know—and hate myself."

The walk back to the office was a plodding one. If she only hadn't been frozen with amazement, hadn't unconsciously succumbed to her yearning for the trip, she would have told Larry the truth immediately, would never have accepted the cheque from Miss Evans. Now all the stupid, dishonest things she'd done had to be undone.

Amy greeted her with a squeal of envy. "Ginny! Isn't it marvellous! Aren't you thrilled? I finally got all the dope from Miss Evans. She was here this morning when Mr. Gates and Elliott had the big row . . ."

Ginny paled. "What row?"

"Well, Mr. Gates began asking Esther all about that French case he's been working on and I guess she didn't know the answers. Pretty soon he was accusing her of shoving her work on you and then she got nasty and said, 'So what? All the other girls do it, too.'"

"Oh, dear," Ginny sat down weakly. "It's all my fault."

"Nuts! Everyone around here knows how she's used you. Evans said if anyone ever deserved a bonus for overtime, you did. Anyway, Mr. Gates told Esther he was taking you to France with him, and she really blew her top and quit. He said that was a splendid idea and why didn't she leave right away!"

Amy stopped for breath and suddenly stared at Ginny. "Golly, you look like you'd lost your best boy-friend. I should think you'd be . . ."

"Is Mr. Gates in his office?" Ginny asked quietly.

"No. And he won't be back again before you leave. Why? Is anything wrong?"

"Everything's wrong. I've got to see him, Amy. Where does he live?"

"Fifty-third. Wait a minute and I'll give you the number." She wrote the address and phone number on a memo pad. "Gee, Ginny, I hope everything's going to be all right—about the trip to Paris, I mean. I hope you're not sick or anything."

"I feel awful," Ginny said. "Thanks for everything, Amy."

She dialled Larry's number. There was no answer.

"Suppose he's left to visit his sister, or one of those girls!" she thought in panic. Maybe someone at his apartment building would know. If not, they might let her wait in the lobby for him.

Larry lived in an attractive, modern apartment building near the Museum of Modern Art and only four blocks from the office. The uniformed doorman shook his head at her query. "I know Mr. Gates is gone, Miss, and with all his luggage. But I'm sure I couldn't tell you where," he said, measuring her with steel-blue eyes.

Ginny blushed. It was obvious that he thought of her as the girls in the office thought of the imperious women who insisted on seeing or talking with Larry during working hours. Even if he knew where Mr. Gates had gone, he'd been instructed not to tell—as they had been instructed to say that he was in conference.

"I'm his secretary," she said, too hesitantly. "Something's come up at the office and I have to see him."

"Sorry, Miss." A taxi drove up to the kerb and the major-domo stepped briskly forward. While his back was turned, Ginny darted into the building. Before she addressed the elevator operator she had a dollar bill between her gloved fingers.

"I'm Mr. Gates' secretary," she spoke with crisp assurance this time. "He left the office without leaving an address and it's imperative we get in touch with him. Can you help me?"

The elevator man consulted a card. "'232 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, N.J.,'" he read. "All I know is I'm to forward his mail to that address for the next two weeks. Whether he's there in person or not I wouldn't know, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

It was close to six o'clock when Ginny reached the Montclair station, after a hot and dirty trip on Hudson Tubes and local train. She tried to repair her soot-smudged face in the lurching taxi that drove her to her last port of call. If Larry weren't here, she would give up the search.

The cab turned into a wide, circular drive and stopped before a spacious white colonial house.

"Wait just a moment," she told the driver. "I may have to go right back."

"Is Mr. Larry Gates here or expected?" she asked breathlessly when the door was opened by an elderly, white-aproned maid.

"He's expected for dinner, Madam. Mrs. Gates is waiting for him now. Won't you come in?"

Mrs. Gates! Ginny's heart lurched and then quieted. His sister, of course, the one who'd had the appendectomy. Only it must be his sister-in-law. She waved the taxi on its way and stepped into a large hall, bright with flowers and polished mahogany.

"I'm Larry's mother. May I help you?"

Startled, Ginny swerved to meet soft, inquiring brown eyes, so like Larry's own that she instinctively put out her hand. "I'm Virginia Curtis, from Mr. Gates' office. I . . . I had to see him about the trip to Paris. Do you really expect him soon? Could I wait for him?"

"Why, of course. And let's hope it won't be a long wait. He promised to be home for dinner, so I doubt it. Come in and join me in a glass of sherry."

She's so little, Ginny thought, and so young and pretty. No one in the office had ever mentioned Larry's mother, or father, for that matter. Somehow you always imagined him alone, and rootless, with all those preying females . . . No wonder she'd thought for a moment that Mrs. Gates might be Larry's wife.

The delicate glass filled with pale amber wine shook suddenly in her hand. She'd remembered her mission.

"Poor child, you're exhausted," Mrs. Gates said. "I always forget about that horribly long train trip—especially in this weather. My husband always used to demand twenty minutes of absolute silence and rest when he came in, and a cool shower. After that he was a delightful companion. Larry has his place in New York and always drives out week-ends or holidays, so he has no excuse."

"I felt fine this morning until I woke up . . ."

"Oh, I'm not tired, really, Mrs. Gates," Ginny protested, and then, in an entirely unpremeditated outburst of confidence which surprised her as she spoke, she added, "I'm just scared. I've done the most dreadful thing . . ."

And then it was as if she were listening to a stranger's small voice, telling her story, her shameful story of deception, telling it to an unknown woman who knew nothing of office politics and less still of a lonely girl's hurt pride and adolescent, Cinderella dreams.

Somewhere, and yet now hopelessly lost, was the sensible, reasoning, and shocked Ginny who sat back and censored all the things the tired, confused, and emotional Ginny was saying—as if to her own mother, who would bear with her and understand. Finally, when it was all said, the two Ginnys fused and became one.

"I'm sorry," she said, with a new dignity. "I'll go now, if you'll let me call a taxi. You can tell Larry—Mr. Gates—and he can get Esther or someone else to go with him to France."

"My dear child," Larry's mother said. "You haven't let me get a word in edgewise. And I'm a talkative, gossipy woman—and terribly determined! You can't go before we've had dinner, with or without Larry. And you certainly can't go before I've had a chance to speak my piece!"

At that moment, Larry walked in.

"Here's Larry now!" Mrs. Gates said. "Just relax and . . . Hello, darling. You're shamefully late. Here's Ginny Curtis, who's come out for dinner. The two of us have been sitting here . . ." Her light, sweet voice trailed off as Larry strode across the room to Ginny's chair.

"Why, Ginny!" he said. "How did you get here?"

Released now from her burden of guilt and even of fear, Ginny stood up. "I'm just leaving, Mr. Gates," she said. "Your mother will tell you why I came."

"You persuade her to stay, Larry," Mrs. Gates called from the dining-room door. "I've already told Hilda to put on an extra plate."

"Sit down, Ginny, and relax," he said gently, pushing her back into a deeply cushioned chair and propping himself on its arm. "What's worrying you?"

"I was going to Paris with you under false pretences," she said. "I lied and . . ."

"You did not!" he interrupted. "You said you'd lived in Paris for eight years. Right? Paris, Ontario, in Canada, you meant."

"Why, why, yes. But how did you know? It was such a silly joke. I meant to explain and then . . . Well, it just got complicated. Even this morning I meant to . . . I didn't mean to take the cheque from Miss Evans, but . . ."

"You earned that cheque, Ginny, and the trip to Paris. As for the joke, well, of course, we were meant to catch on. Having seen your original application form, I did. That and your 'plume de mon oncle!' That accent!"

"He wasn't fooled for a minute, dear." Mrs. Gates reentered the room. "Larry was one of those effete boys who took a year's special study in French."

"Mother!" he thundered.

"It was just a phase that he got over, so don't worry, Ginny. And, of course, we spent all our summers in Ontario. When he came home he used to tell his friends he'd been to Paris."

Ginny made one last effort to get up from the chair, but both Larry and his mother blocked her. "But why, knowing all this, did you want to take me to France?"

Larry backed away. "Well," he said slowly, "as I told Mother, I'd never had a more efficient secretary than I had this summer, and . . ."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Gates cried. "He told me there was a cute little redhead in his office from Paris, Ontario, and he was bound and determined to show her what he knew of Paris, France! Dinner is served!"

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TEENA

by Lilla Tenz

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PARIS SWEATERS TRIMMED WITH CRISP PIQUE

Knit your choice of these lovely French ...aters. Nicolle and Marie (right) are both ...mmed with crisp pique. Denise (below) is ...ped in black.

THE RED JUMPER

...aterials: 5 skeins "Twin-Prufe" ...proof and Shinkproof 3-ply ...ing wool, shade No. 2138 (red); ... white pique, 36in. wide; 5 ... buttons; 1 pair No. 12 knit-... needles; 5 press studs; bias bind-...

...easurements: Length, 20½in. To ...34in. bust.

...ension: 9sts. to 1in.

BACK

...egin at lower edge. Cast on 120 ... and work in a k 1, p 1 rib for ... Change to st-st. and cont., inc. ... at each end of the 5th and every ...wing 8th row, until there are ... sts. on needle. Cont. without ...ther shaping until work measures ... from lower edge, finishing after ... p row.

...hape For Sleeves: Cast off 2 sts. ...eg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 ... at each end of every row until ... sts. remain. Now inc. 1 st. at ...ch end of every following 6th row ...til there are 140 sts. on needle. ...nt. without further shaping until ...rmhole measures 7in.

...hape Shoulders and Neck: ...st Row: Cast off 6 sts., k 59, cast ... 10 sts., k to end.

...nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., p to last ... sts., p 2 tog.

...rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

...Cont. casting off 6 sts. at armhole ...ge, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck ...ge until 8 decs. have been made at ... neck. Cont. shaping the shoulder ...til 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

...Join wool to neck edge of rem. ... and work up this side to cor-...pond with first.

FRONT

Cast on 140 sts. on No. 12 needles ...d work in a k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. ...w divide the sts. and work the ...ft front thus:

...st Row: K 66, and put these sts. ... to a stitch-holder for now. K across remaining 74 sts. and work 1in. in st-st. Make a buttonhole thus:

1st Row: K 6, cast off 4 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 6 sts., cast on 4 sts., k 6. Now cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at side edge on the next and every following 8th row, working buttonholes at front edge on every 23rd and 24th row until work measures 11½in. from lower edge, finishing at side edge. Make a dart thus:

1st Row: Cast off 20 sts., p to end.
2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: Cast on 20 sts., p to end.

Now cont. in st-st., still inc. at side until there are 87 sts. on needle and 7 rows have been worked above 5th buttonhole. Work should now measure 13in. from lower edge, finishing at side edge.

Shape Armhole and Front:
1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.
2nd Row: Cast off 12 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Now keep front edge straight, but dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row until 9 decs. have been worked. Still keeping front edge straight, inc. 1 st. at armhole edge on every following 6th row until front edge from the cast-off sts. measures 5¾in., finishing at front edge.

Shape Neck.—Cast off 2 sts. at this edge 4 times, then dec. 1 st. at this edge on alternate rows 3 times, at same time still inc. at armhole edge until 12in. have been made at this edge and armhole measures ½in. deeper than that of back.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 6 sts. 10 times. Cast off rem. sts.

Go back to sts. on left front, pick up and k 8 sts. behind the first 8 sts. of right front. Cont. in st-st. to correspond with right front, but with all shapings at opposite edges and without buttonholes.

Press work on wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth, omitting the ribbing. Sew up shoulder seams. Face the neck, fronts, and sleeve edges with the bias binding on wrong side, being careful not to stretch the knitting.

From the pique, cut on the bias 2in. strips in the following lengths (measure the edges of the garment to make quite sure these lengths will fit): One piece, 11in., for right front; two pieces, each 6½in., for each side of neck; 13in., for the neck; and one piece, 2in. long, for the top of right front. Place the pieces together and mitre the corners at top of right front and each side of neck.

Join the mitred corners together on wrong side and press seams. Fold in half lengthwise and press the seams. Oversew the raw edges to prevent fraying.

Tack the trimming to the fronts and neck edge, tacking the 11in. piece to right side of front and finishing left side, just below the cast-on sts.

Work round the buttonholes. Join darts on wrong side, tapering off towards centre. Make two small darts on each front shoulder. Press darts. Sew on trimming. Cut two lengths for sleeves, oversew cut edges and stitch to sleeve edge. Sew on buttons. Sew press studs to pique and jumper.

PIQUE is an effective contrast for these two sweaters, which are knitted in simple stocking-stitch. Nicolle (left) has a tailored neck-line and sleeves outlined with pique, and Marie (right), with the round inset yoke, a smart bow. See directions on this page.

THE BLUE JUMPER

Materials: 6 skeins "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2101 (royal-blue); 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; 1yd. of 1in. wide pique trimming; bias binding; 4 buttons; a No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulders, 19½in. To fit 34-36in. bust.

Tension.—9sts. to 1in.

THE FRONT

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 130 sts. and work in a k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in. Change to st-st. and cont., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th row and every following 8th row, until there are 148 sts. on the needle and work measures 10in. from lower edge, finishing after a p row.

Shape for Front Yoke—1st Row: K 60, cast off 28 sts., k 60. Put the first set of 60 sts. on to a spare needle. Cont. on rem. sts., still inc. at side edge, at same time cast off 2 sts. at front edge on the next 3 k rows, then k 2 tog. at this edge on alt. rows 10 times.

Shape for Sleeves—Keeping front edge straight, cast on 2 sts. at beg. of p rows 3 times, then cast on 5 sts. on following 2 p rows. Cont. in st-st. without further shaping until sleeve edge measures 6¾in., finishing after a k row.

Shape Shoulder—Cast off 10 sts. at sleeve edge on p rows 5 times. Cast off. Join wool to inside edge of the rem. sts. and work up this side to correspond.

Yoke Band—Cast on 244 sts. and work in a k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Cast off loosely.

YOKE

Cast on 24 sts. and k into the backs of the sts. Now cont. in st-st., casting on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every following 4th row 3 times, then on every 6th row 3 times. Now inc. 1 st. at each end of following 8th rows 3 times. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 6¾in. down centre front. Shape neck:

1st Row: K 26, cast off 10, k 26.
2nd Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.
3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until 16 sts. rem. Cont. without inc. on these 16 sts. for 1in. Cast off.

Join wool to inside edge of rem. sts. and work up this side to correspond.

BACK

Cast on 130 sts. and work in a k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in. Change to st-st. and cont., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every following 8th row, until there are 148 sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until side edge is same length as that of front to sleeve shaping.

Shape for Sleeves—Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 3in., finishing after a p row. Divide sts. for back opening thus: K 90 sts., turn. Put rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on the first set of sts. until sleeve edge measures 6¾in.

Shape Shoulder—Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 7 k rows. Cast off.

Go back to sts. on spare needle, cast on 5 sts., and cont. to correspond with other side, working the extra 5 sts. in garter-stitch.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a hot iron, avoiding all ribbing and omitting the yoke band.

Pin one edge of the yoke band to shaped edge of front (do not stretch the ribbing), then sew neatly on wrong side. Now sew the yoke to other side of band, easing the rib-bing round the shaped part of yoke. Sew up shoulder seams. Face the neck and sleeve edges with bias bind-ing. Sew down the cast-on sts. on back opening to wrong side.

Using crochet hook, make 4 but-tonhole loops down right side of opening. Sew on buttons. Sew up side and tiny sleeve seams.

Sew a length of pique round neck edge to form a stand-up collar. Cut away the binding on the remainder of the pique, open out flat, and press. Cut a length for a bow, fold in half lengthwise, and stitch on wrong side, shaping the ends as shown in the photograph. Turn right side out and sew up ends. Fold into a bow as shown. Cut a small length of binding, join edges, turn right side out, and press. Slip over the centre of bow and stitch neatly at back. Sew to front of neck as shown. Press seams with a warm iron.

TAILORED for comfort and with a flattering high neckline. Denise is knitted in a striking color combination of black and sundust. See directions for knitting on page 48.

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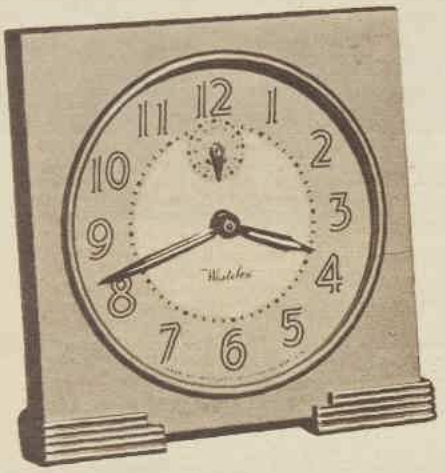

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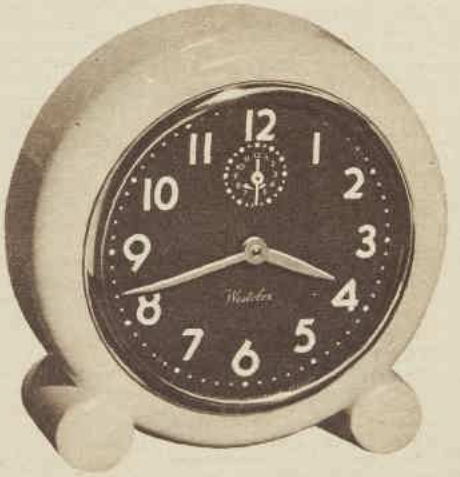

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low to achieve he best use of COLOR

• Clever color can alter the entire character of a room. It will provide a "lift" to tired furnishings and give your home new distinction and the imprint of your personality.

By JOAN MARTIN

f you are not blessed with an instinctive feeling for color it wise to study closely color hemes suggested by professional corators and adapt them to your eds.

Restrict yourself to a few colors or one basic tone in various shades d textures.

There is no such thing as "the wrong lor," but there is definitely bad use color.

It is almost impossible to lay down y rules about which colors are the ost suitable to live with. That emains a personal preference.

It has been proved that color can ake people either depressed or gay.

For example, yellow is suggestive of unshine and for that reason is excellent to give ourth to rooms which ve on the cool side of the house. Blue is cool and perfect for those rooms which are hot in summer.

Green is ideal for all rooms. It is a color that never jars. In all shades, from palest leaf-green to deepest forest-green, it provides a perfect background for all types of furniture and all shades of furnishings.

Crimson, black, and white are dramatic colors and excellent to use as accents.

Perhaps you have decided to paint your house throughout.

It is an exciting and stimulating adventure, but you will have to be careful not to use too many blatantly different colors.

If, for instance, you have chosen blue for the entrance hall, green for the living-room, and yellow for the dining-room, you may find that the house looks bizarre, and that your exciting experiment with color has been a failure.

Had you concentrated on various shades of blue the result would have been far more successful. Duckegg-blue for the hall and living-room and a soft violet-blue for the dining-room would have given plenty of color and yet maintained harmony.

For an example, I will take an average two-bedroom cottage, giving each room a separate color scheme—yet keeping the whole effect restful.

HALL: Pale grey.

LIVING-ROOM: Mignonette-green. This color will pick up the grey tones of the hall.

MAIN BEDROOM: Mushroom-pink. Whether this room opened off the hall or the living-room, pink would look right.

2nd BEDROOM: Grey-blue. A perfect bedroom color and a good blend with the grey.

DINING-ROOM: Vintage - purple. This color has a lot of pink in it. Use white accents.

If your room is already furnished and you are merely repainting the walls, it will be necessary to take your color scheme from the carpet, covers, or possibly from a much-treasured picture.

The illustrations are merely suggestions—but I hope that they may inspire you to explore the thrilling possibilities of color in the home.

LIVING-ROOM. Green walls are always a splendid background for other furnishings—for example, the cerise upholstery and the Chinese screen. Wall colors should be chosen to blend with those of adjoining rooms.

COOL, clear colors have been used in this hallway. The green-and-white checkerboard floor is very unusual.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION for the living-room. Pink walls give a soft, feminine effect, although a bold pink can be used most dramatically.

LIVING-ROOM. The lime-green in the rug is a most effective color if cleverly used. It is not wise for the unprofessional decorator to use more than a few colors. One basic tone is safest.

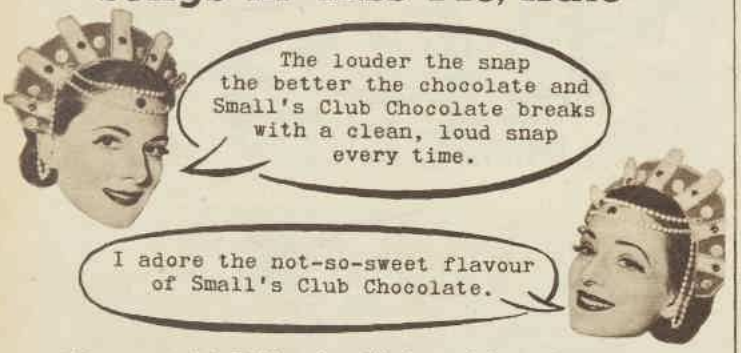
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4387880

In "Kiss Me, Kate" J. C. Williamson has brought to Australia from Broadway one of the most novel musicals ever produced. Brilliant, sophisticated and witty, it is playing to packed houses every night.

dynamic, lovely star of J. C. Williamson's Smash-Hit Musical "KISS ME, KATE," says:

"Small's Club Chocolate

is as snappy as the bright songs in 'Kiss Me, Kate'"



"For men only! Fiddlesticks. I'll bet girls love the not-so-sweet flavour of Small's Club Chocolate, too!" says this golden-voiced star. Remember, you can enjoy four types of Small's Club Chocolate . . . (1) Plain. (2) With Almonds. (3) Raisin and Nut. (4) Fruit and Nut.

Small's - the gourmet's chocolate

Australians who go overseas . . . Madge Elliott, Joy Nichols and Harold Williams . . . all say that they haven't found a chocolate to come within cooee of Small's for quality. If you have a discriminating palate, just taste Small's Club Chocolate and you will agree with them. You'll taste the *purest* chocolate. Fine chocolate, and nothing else but fine chocolate, is our business.

Sold Everywhere

Small's make these milk chocolates, too

PLAIN MILK
NUT MILK
GINGER MILK
CHERRY NOUGAT

Plentee ginger! Plentee milk in Small's new Ginger Milk Chocolate

Bow collar and cuffs

Make this attractive collar-and-cuff set to point up a plain winter frock.

DIRECTIONS for making are:

Materials: ½yd. pique, 36in. wide; remnant of striped material.

From the diagram below, in which each square equals 1in., cut full-scale paper pattern pieces. The spots mark the edge to be laid on the fold of the material; the arrows mark the straight of the material.

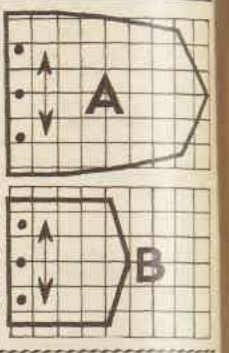
Allow ¼in. seams all round pattern pieces. Cut one piece from pattern A for the collar and 2 pieces from pattern B for the cuffs. For the bows cut three bias strips 1½in. wide and 12in. long from the striped material.

To Make: Fold collar piece in half lengthwise, right sides together and edges even. Machine across the two short ends and turn to right side. Press and finish the lower raw edge with bias binding. Make up the cuffs in the same way.

Fold the striped bias strips in half lengthwise, right sides together and edges even. Machine along ¼in. from the long edges and trim, turn through to right side, and press. Turn in and slipstitch open ends neatly together.

Tie the striped lengths into neat bows and stitch a bow to the centre of each cuff. The collar bow is attached by a small safety-pin sewn neatly to centre front.

BOW - ACCENTED collar-and-cuff set adds tailored trimness to a basic frock. Directions for making the set are given on this page.



Directions for French cardigan

HERE are the directions for knitting Denise, the black - and - yellow cardigan illustrated in color on page 45.

Materials: 4 skeins "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrink-proof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1016, black; 3 skeins shade No. 2379, sundust (this is the only wool which should be used); 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12; 8 buttons; press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 32-34in.; length of sleeve seam, 5in.

Note: For 36in. bust use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, b black, sd., sundust.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and b wool, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. Work in st-st., working 12 rows sd. and 10 rows b alternately, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 116 sts. When work measures 12½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and b wool cast on 62 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and sd. wool, k to end, cast on 10 sts. to form facing. Cont. in stripes, inc. 1 st. at side seam edge every 6th row until inc. to 80 sts. When work measures 12½in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5½in. cast off 24 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, having facing at opposite end and making buttonholes in basque as follows: 1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 2nd one 1½in. above first buttonhole.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 4 sts. Make buttonholes on rest of front as follows:

1st Row: Work 2 sts., cast off 4 sts., work 8 sts., cast off 4 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 10 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 8 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 2 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and b wool cast on 76 sts. Work 12 rows rib of k 1, p 1 (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in stripes, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5in. or required length, cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 50 sts., then every row until dec. to 28 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Stitch back facings down each front. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles and b wool, pick up and k about 108 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2in. or required length. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Stitch buttonholes together on right front. Sew buttons on left front and press studs on neckband.

Sources of poison in blood

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

AN expectant mother must have a healthy bloodstream.

The most common sources of poisons in the bloodstream are constipation, decayed teeth, and septic tonsils.

A leaflet describing the measures needed to ensure a healthy bloodstream during pregnancy can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with the request.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4387881

Around the House

with Miss Precious Minutes

The bedroom

IT is quicker and easier to find shoes and hats kept in cardboard boxes if a small, oblong piece is cut out of the front of each box and replaced with a strip of clear plastic.

HALF a dozen cloves scattered in a corner of your wardrobe will keep moths and silverfish away.

TO prevent patent-leather shoes from cracking, rub them over with vaseline, leave for a few days, then wipe the vaseline off and polish shoes with a soft cloth.

IF venetian blinds bang against the framework when the windows are open, nail rubber furniture gliders to the blinds as bumpers. They protect the woodwork and stop the noise too.

TO brighten carpets and floor-rugs, sprinkle them liberally with common salt, let stand for an hour or two, then remove salt with a vacuum-cleaner.

WHEN washing an eiderdown quilt, use a generous lather of soapy water and squeeze and press the quilt well under the water. A cupful of vinegar added to the final rinsing water will brighten the colors of the cover.

YOU can revive artificial flowers by holding them over the spout of a boiling kettle.

The kitchen

A DRIED pea placed in the salt shaker will absorb moisture and keep salt pouring smoothly.

DISCARDED lace or net curtains folded into several thicknesses and machined across a few times make good dish-cloths.

A CLEAN envelope with a corner cut out makes a fine funnel for filling salt and pepper shakers.

AN oven is much easier to clean if a half cup of ammonia and water is placed in a container and allowed to stand for several hours in the oven while it is still warm. The ammonia fumes loosen grease.

RUB the inside of your dustpan with some polishing wax—the dust will slip out of the pan more easily.

BURNT saucepans should not be cleaned with washing soda or scraped. Both methods will remove burnt particles, but may harm the saucepan. To remove any burn, fill the saucepan with strong salted water, leave for several hours, then bring to boil, when the burnt particles will come off quite easily.

The living-room

WHEN you bring out your best candlesticks and finest table linens for parties, protect the linens from wax drips by chilling the candles for several hours before it is time to light them.

CLOUDY, grey marks on polished furniture caused by spilt liquids or alcohol can be removed if they're lightly flicked with a piece of cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Work from the outside of the stain towards the centre and be sure to flick and not rub the stain. Allow to dry, then polish with your usual furniture polish.

BRASS, pewter, and copper accessories will require less frequent cleaning if given a light coating of furniture wax and a buffing with a soft cloth after cleaning with a metal polish.

The laundry

BOIL clothes pegs before using. They will last longer and will not split.

MIX a teaspoonful of sugar and kerosene into your starch just after it has been made . . . this makes your iron run smoother and gives clothes a glossy finish.

WHEN pressing seams of thick material, you will avoid the marks coming on the right side of the garment if a strip of brown paper is placed underneath the seam allowance.

WHEN bringing in washing, leave a pillow-case pegged to the line and put all small things into it. This saves time when ironing.

IF YOU HAVE an open grate, remember that the oil content of orange and lemon skins makes them kindle quickly, and when they burn they give a pleasant aroma to a room.

The garage

DO you have trouble keeping tools in place? Paint the wall at the back of the tool-rack in a dark color, then outline in a lighter shade the shape of the various tools when in position on the rack. When a space is vacant, the outlines will remind the tool user or borrower to return it.

ADD a jar with a perforated lid to your garden accessories. You will find you can shake small seed more evenly than if you scatter it by hand.

A GARBAGE-TIN will stand upright against wind, cats, or dogs if it is set inside the circle of an old car tyre.

WHEN repairing anything with a lot of small parts, tack a length of adhesive tape, sticky side up, on your workbench. Place the parts on the tape in the order you remove them and they'll stay in place.

IDENTIFY tools with wooden handles by inscribing them with your initials in a thick layer of finger-nail polish and igniting the polish before it dries. If you want a deep, charred effect, repeat the burning process several times.

FOR a clean windscreen in wet weather, mix 2 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons glycerine, and half a teaspoon of common salt together. Rubbed on your windscreen, the mixture will prevent rain spots and give you a clear vision.

BOND'S bring you SKIN-TONES, the big news in New York. Four fascinating new colors in Bond's 30-denier Gossamer nylons—plus beautiful French panel heels and shell toes.

BOND'S

Gossamer NYLONS

are guaranteed for length, fit, stretch and texture

This revolutionary change in nylons will be applauded by women everywhere. Bond's nylons are guaranteed because they are knitted on the newest American machines in Bond's *air-conditioned* factory — and nylon *must* be knitted in these perfect atmospheric conditions otherwise it contracts. Only Bond's make nylons that you can rely on so completely.

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At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:
I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger . . .

Get quick relief from
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream — rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store.
If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 7/6 and 4/- everywhere

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Some of my patients

ACNE IS BANE OF ADOLESCENCE . . . SHORT SIGHT MUST BE CORRECTED

By A DOCTOR

"BRENDA is so worried about her pimples, doctor," said Mrs. Thompson to-day. "Can you give her an ointment for them?"

"How long have you had them?" I asked Brenda.

"For about two years—since I was about 13," she said. "Mummie said it was just growing up, but some of the girls at school have practically none."

Mrs. Thompson added: "Her brothers ask her why she doesn't wash her face, and that starts an argument."

I looked at this pretty young girl to whom blackheads and pimples were a minor tragedy and said: "Just wait till they are 15. You will get more than your own back.

"They will be far worse than you, and will have pimples on their backs and shoulders, too.

"It is a complaint of 'growing up'—of the development of the sex glands.

"I suppose you've noticed that every few weeks they are worse? When you are a little older you will settle down and your skin will be quite clear and smooth."

I told Brenda what to do and explained the cause to her more fully, asking her at the same time if she ate chocolates.

"There you are, Brenda," put in her mother, "I told you not to eat sweets."

"It's chocolates that matter, Mrs. Thompson, not other sweets," I replied.

"There is an oil in chocolate which is secreted by the skin.

"If Brenda will follow her treatment faithfully, and give up chocolates until her acne is cured, I will allow her to have other sweets."

"May I drink cocoa at night?" asked Brenda.

"Well, hardly," I said. "Chocolates and cocoa are essentially the same.

"And, mind, no chocolate-coated sweets and cakes or nice things like that. Even the smallest amount may cause your pimples to flare up.

"And, Mrs. Thompson, don't be too eager to remove the blackheads—not more than about six a day—and don't put any ointment on her skin. I'll give her a lotion to put on daily."

They left the surgery quite happily. I feel the battle is half won.

Acne is a very common complaint at puberty and causes far more unhappiness, particularly in sensitive children, than most people realise.

But, if treated, almost all cases will respond. They can be greatly improved until adolescence is past, when they will almost certainly be cured.

"I HAD a letter from the school doctor last week about Walter's eyes," Mrs. Brown told me when she brought the boy to see me this morning.

"He says Walter is short-sighted, and that I should take him to an eye specialist," she went on.

"Would you give me a letter to a good one, doctor? He will need to be patient with children, too. Walter is playing-up and says he won't go."

"Why don't you want to go, Walter?" I asked.

"I'll take the things off before I get to school, anyhow," said Walter, glaring at his mother.

"The boys will all call me Goggles."

"Has he had any trouble that you know of, Mrs. Brown?" I asked his mother.

"No, doctor. He reads a great deal, but when he gets into trouble at school he says he can't see the board. I'm afraid we thought that was only an excuse. No one in the family has short sight."

"There is a strong hereditary tendency to this complaint," I said. "But cases do occur where it has been unknown in the family before.

"Do you like cricket?" I inquired of the boy.

"I would," said Walter, "if I didn't always get out so quickly and miss most of the catches."

"The glasses will help you see the ball better, and you may get top-score for your side yet," I told him.

"Several well-known cricketers did not develop their ability at the game until they took to glasses."

Walter beamed at this, and I felt that much of his objection to his glasses had been overcome.

I gave Mrs. Brown advice about general health and hygiene, and told her to see that Walter gets plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise.

I also warned her that he must not bend over his books but keep them 12 or 13 inches from his eyes.

"Don't tell Mum that, doctor. She's bad enough now," said Walter. (So he has been "peering," I thought).

I gave them the letter and sent them off.

In these progressive days the advance of science has improved the lot of many markedly short-sighted adults. Once they would have been obliged to wear very strong lenses, but can now wear contact lenses, which fit over the eyeball and give remarkable good vision.

If Walter still needs glasses when he grows up they certainly need not be "goggles."

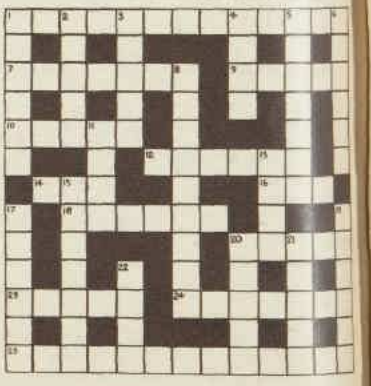
All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Unadorned verity in the bare tea placed before the great-grandmother of King David. (3, 3, 5)
7. Eastern city where a much disturbed pasha lives in. (7)
9. If it's rubber it's an eraser. (5)
10. Advertise the programme but you have to pay them. (5)
12. Games with wine in steamship. (8)
14. Help! (3)
16. Starts as a quadruped. (3)
18. Shows in you and me and something that she owns. (6)
20. Musical instrument made of a Scotch lad in an Italian river. (5)
23. Arrange in graceful folds a medical monkey. (5)
24. It sounds as it had been done by a pope, ninth of this name, but it could have been made by any other. (7)
25. Get a bald ruler. That can be infuriating? (3, 3, 2, 1, 4)

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. An author made it but it could be a hat. (6)
2. Turn out a kiss mixed with peel. (5)
3. This result of a cremation first occurred officially in 1885, since then was repeated in England and Australia. (5)
4. Limited ownership hanging on many animals. (4)
5. Red suns. (Anagr. 7)
6. Important place in the home on which Dickens placed a cricket. (6)
8. Unrivalled size of type. (9)
11. To be at it is to be puzzled. (4)
13. Thanks the kiss, I make a journey in it. (4)
15. External custody which is not a crimson sleep. (6)
17. Minister of evil design turns into crimson sleep. (6)
19. Rob ale from the North. (6)
20. Place in India containing a tree which grows there. (5)
21. Good-bye through a French Gal. (6)
22. Flows through Leningrad. (4)

Solution to last week's crossword

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4387883

Fashion PATTERNS

F6875.—Man's tailored dressing-gown. Sizes SM, M, and L. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6875.—Beginners' pattern for a girl's long-sleeved dressing-gown designed for winter warmth, which has contrast on collar and pocket. Sizes 29in., 33in., 37in., and 41in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1¾yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/-.

F6877.—Slim-skirted suit. The jacket is designed with fullness over one hip. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F6878.—One - piece with soft, low-necked bodice, fitted midriff, and slim skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6879.—Smart jacket suit has waist-length fitted jacket and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

F6798.—Two-piece sleeping pyjamas with lace-trimmed jacket pockets. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ⅜yd. ¼in. lace edging. Price, 4/6.

●Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 241.—BABY'S MATINEE JACKET

The jacket is cut out ready to make and is clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is flannelette, in white, pastel blue, pastel pink, and lemon. Sizes infants to 12 months. Price, 7/9. Postage, 8d. extra.

No. 242—THREE TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable clearly traced and ready to embroider on cream Irish linen with a color choice of blue, red, green, and lemon borders. Size 22in. by 32in. Price, 6/6 each. Postage and registration, 8d. extra. Set of three, 18/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

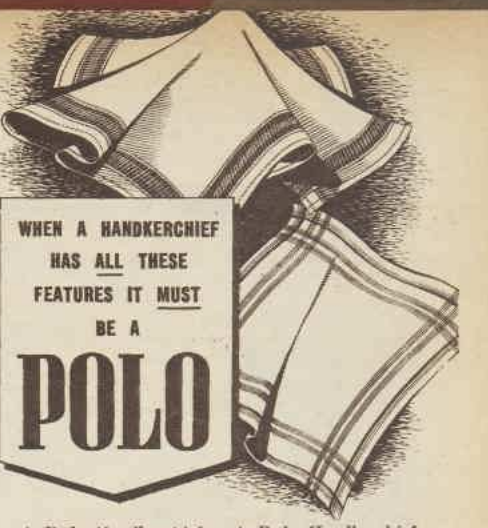
No. 244.—GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

The dressing-gown is cut out ready to make in floral flannelette. The color choice includes white, lemon, pink, and blue grounds, printed in floral pattern. Sizes: Length 29in., for 2yrs., 22/3; 33in., for 4yrs., 23/6; 37in., for 6yrs., 24/9; 41in., for 8yrs., 25/3. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 243.—BED-JACKET

A cosy, long-sleeved bed-jacket is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral flannelette. The color choice includes white, lemon, pink, and blue grounds, printed in floral. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 18/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.



WHEN A HANDKERCHIEF HAS ALL THESE FEATURES IT MUST BE A

POLO

★ Polo Handkerchiefs are made from finest Egyptian yarns.

★ Polo Handkerchiefs make the ideal gift.

★ Polo Handkerchiefs are available in both men's and ladies'.

★ Polo Handkerchiefs are woven in exclusive colour patterns; colours are tub-fast.

★ Polo Handkerchiefs are hygienically packed singly in cellophane—or in attractive gift boxes of three.

POLO . . . THE CLASSIC HANDKERCHIEF

POLO Handkerchiefs are manufactured by Thomas Nemesy & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Not just nearly white—but really WHITE

Aim for dazzling whiteness on washdays. It's so simple, too! Just make the last rinse the blue rinse. Only Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water will banish yellow in white things and keep them a lovely white.

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash.

Reckitt's Blue

MAKES WHITE CLOTHES *REALLY* WHITE

SMASH THAT COUGH And Save Money, Too!

Rid yourself of that hacking cough, painful sore throat, or irritating cold with HEENZO, the famous family cough remedy. HEENZO is swift, sure, safe . . . gives instant relief. MOTHERS PREFER HEENZO because it's economical . . . for 3/- you can make one whole pint of soothing cough medicine. Just add sweetened water to a 1/- bottle of HEENZO Concentrate. Be prepared. Order from your chemist or store now

HEENZO

For Coughs and Colds

Keep slim — with Sanitarium Diabetic Rolls

From all grocers!

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THE NEW OSLO LUNCH

Kiddies thrive on Velveeta! Spread it generously on fresh wholemeal bread (no butter needed). Add fresh fruit, a glass of milk, and you have the Oslo lunch — up to date, and more nourishing than ever!

NO BUTTER NEEDED WITH Velveeta!

Whatever you make with Velveeta — the new "Oslo Lunch," sandwiches, savouries or snacks — this exciting new cheese-food means less work and less expense. Velveeta not only S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter — *but you don't need butter!* Simply spread this "rich-yet-mild" cheese food straight on to bread, toast or biscuits without butter. Velveeta not only tastes better this way — but is *better for you!* Scientists say that Velveeta spread on bread without butter gives you the right — exactly right — balance of primary food elements.

MEN PREFER VELVEETA! Not only women and children enjoy Velveeta, but so will the men of your family. Perfect for sandwiches, savouries and snacks. So start using Velveeta, and you'll start saving money — right away!

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KRAFT COOKERY AND NUTRITION EXPERT.

"This delicious new Kraft product is a protein food," Elizabeth Cooke says, "high in vitamins and the essential minerals of milk, with a refreshingly different taste, rich-yet-mild. Velveeta makes really delicious and nourishing sandwiches and savouries."

GOOD HEALTH NEWS!

Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese. It is a cheese FOOD, rich in proteins and the milk minerals calcium and phosphates, plus Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also — Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically packed, delicious Velveeta stays fresh. Try Velveeta — TODAY!

RICH yet MILD

Look for the YELLOW PACKET

**At similar degrees of temperature.*

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Tray breakfasts

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Attractive, varied menus, tempting the appetite by their sight, smell, and taste, are the best inducements to making a hearty breakfast

TRAY serving breakfast on a tray in a sunny corner for those who leave home early. Most adults don't get much sun these winter days and will appreciate it in the morning.

Breakfast should be quickly prepared, nourishing, sustaining, and should conform to common-sense health standards.

Try to include fresh, stewed, canned fruit or fruit juice for vitamins and minerals; heat and energy producing foods like porridge or cereals served with honey, brown sugar, or maple syrup; and body-building food, such as meat, fish, or eggs.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Tomato Juice

Wholemeal Biscuit with Steamed Pears and Maple Syrup

Cod Kedgeree on Toast

Tea

Some preparation may be made the day before this menu is to be served. Pears may be steamed, tomato juice chilled if desired, and fish for cod kedgeree cooked and flaked.

Maple syrup is obtainable at most large stores. Mock maple syrup may be prepared by boiling one cup brown sugar for three minutes with third cup water, pinch spice, squeeze lemon juice, pinch salt, and a few drops vanilla.

STEAMED PEARS

Four medium-sized pears, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup water, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, cloves.

Peel washed pears thinly, leaving stalk on. Rub all over with cut lemon to preserve color. Place in large saucepan with water, sugar, lemon rind, juice, and cloves. Cover closely and simmer until just tender.

COD KEDGEREE ON TOAST

One and a half to 2 cups flaked smoked fish (smoked blue cod or hake fillets, or haddock), 1 to 1¼ cups thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, chopped chives (or parsley).

Combine fish and sauce, reheat. Add in lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Pile on to hot toast, sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley.

MENU 2

Grapefruit

Crumpets and Frankfurt with Tomato and Cheese

Toast and Marmalade

Coffee

Grapefruit may be prepared overnight and stored in the ice-chest or refrigerator.

Cut grapefruit in halves, remove pulp with a grapefruit knife or with small sharp knife. Remove seeds and pithy centre with knife or scissors. Cut pulp into chunky pieces, return to case. Sprinkle thickly with sugar, stand overnight.

CRUMPETS AND FRANKFURT
(With tomato and cheese.)

Four crumpets, butter, 4 frankfurts, 1 tomato, salt, pepper, grated cheese, parsley.

Toast crumpets lightly on both sides. Spread with butter, top with heated frankfurt (skinned and sliced). Add a layer of sliced tomato, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with a thick layer of grated cheese. Place under hot griller until cheese is melted and browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

MENU 3

Fruit with Cornflakes

Sauteed Liver Patties with Bacon and Tomato

Toast and Honey

Coffee

If the family do not eat liver or lamb's fry served in other ways, try serving it as sauteed patties with bacon and tomato.

SAUTEED LIVER PATTIES

One lamb's fry or piece of liver, 2 rashers bacon, 6 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons finely minced onion, salt, pepper, tomato, parsley to garnish.

Soak liver 15 minutes in salted water. Remove skin, chop very finely or put through coarse mincer. Add half the bacon finely diced, breadcrumbs, flour, onion, salt, and pepper. Using a little extra flour, shape into small patties less than ¼in. thick. Melt a small quantity of fat in pan, place patties in, brown well on one side. Turn, reduce heat slightly, cook slowly 7 to 10 minutes. Serve hot with grilled or fried bacon and tomato. Garnish with parsley.

TOMATO juice, cereal, fruit, and fish make a wholesome breakfast for a business girl. See Menu 1.

MENFOLK will appreciate this satisfying breakfast of grapefruit and crumpets and frankfurt with tomato and cheese. See Menu 2.

CEREAL with fruit and sauteed liver patties with tomato and bacon is a breakfast the whole family will enjoy. See Menu 3.

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FOR A DELECTABLE DIFFERENCE..

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There are picnics *and* picnics, but every outdoor occasion has more zest when Peck's Pastes are on the menu. Breakfasts and cut lunches, quick snacks, too, are delectably different when you use Peck's concentrated, richly flavoured fish and meat spreads that give you more for your money in flavour and quantity.

PECK'S

8 palate pleasing PASTES

A little PECK'S goes such a long way!

78/62/54

Savory dish wins £5

Three savory dishes win cash prizes for readers in this week's popular recipe contest. Pair any one of them with the delicious fruit sweet illustrated here for a good family meal.

***GLAZED FRUIT** slices are a quickly made dinner sweet. Lightly fry stale bread or cake slices, moisten with fruit juice or syrup. Top with fruit. Thicken some of the syrup with arrowroot, pour over fruit while hot to give a glaze. Home-bottled cherries were used in the photograph, but any fruit may be substituted.*

BELGIAN steak, which wins this week's main prize of £5, is a satisfying main dish for family dinners.

All spoon measurements are level.

BELGIAN STEAK

One pound topside steak, 1 or 2 kidneys, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons uncooked rice, salt, pepper, 1 carrot, 1 cup prepared French beans, 1½ cups water or stock, 1 large potato, nut of butter, parsley.

Trim steak, cut into 1in. squares. Soak, skin, and chop kidneys. Place both in bottom of casserole. Cover with washed rice, season with salt and pepper. Add sliced onion and carrot, then French beans. Season again, pour in stock or water. Cover with sliced potato, dot with butter or substitute, season with salt and pepper. Place lid on, first greasing edges to prevent sticking. Cook in moderate oven 1½ hours, reduce heat and cook a further 1 to 1¼ hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Logan-Bell, "Logan Brae," Sorrento, Vic.

CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATO SOUFFLE

One small cauliflower, 3 medium tomatoes, ½ pint white sauce, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, browned crumbs, nut of butter or substitute, parsley.

Wash cauliflower, break into flowerets. Simmer 10 minutes in salted water or pressure-cook 2 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Place half the cauliflower in greased ovenware dish, add half the tomatoes, peeled and sliced. Season with salt and pepper. Repeat layers. Add cheese and egg-yolk to hot sauce, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour over cauliflower and tomatoes. Top with a layer of crumbs, dot with butter. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve immediately, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Owen, 28 Belmont Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

SEASONED LIVER CASSEROLE

One liver, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon mixed herbs, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, 1 tablespoon milk or 1 beaten egg, flour, 4 strips bacon, ½ cup water.

Soak liver half an hour in salted water. Dip into boiling water, dry, remove thin skin. Make an incision in the thickest part. Combine breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, salt, pepper, herbs, lemon rind, shortening, and milk or beaten egg. Fill into pocket in liver, fasten with fine skewers or sew with coarse thread. Season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Place in casserole with bacon strips on top. Add water, cover, and cook in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until tender. About 10 minutes before serving, remove lid to allow bacon to brown, then remove liver and take out skewers or thread. Thicken gravy in casserole. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Cole, 105 Montague St., New Town, Tas.

Basic Recipe No. 5

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

THIS basic recipe for making a sponge sandwich, with variations, is the fifth in a series covering all types of cookery. Cut out the recipe and paste it in your cookery book for future use.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Three eggs, scant ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour (graduated measuring-cup is most accurate), pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, flavoring such as vanilla, grated lemon or orange rind. Note: If desired, 1 cup plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder may be used instead of self-raising flour.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt (sifted together 3 times), then hot milk in which butter has been melted, and flavoring. Pour evenly into 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins. To ensure cake turning out smoothly and easily, place a piece of greased paper about as big as a saucer in the centre of each greased sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes, until honey-brown and elastic to the touch. Do not open oven door for at least 12 minutes. Allow to stand in tins a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler and peeling paper from base of each layer. When cold, fill as desired.

Variations

Ginger Sponge: Add 1 teaspoon ground ginger and ½ teaspoon cinnamon to the dry ingredients before sifting.

Cinnamon Sponge: Add 2 teaspoons each cinnamon and cocoa to dry ingredients.

Orange Sponge: Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind to the beaten eggs and sugar.

Chocolate Sponge: Add ½oz. melted dark chocolate or sift 2 tablespoons cocoa with the flour and add an extra 1 teaspoon butter and an extra 1 tablespoon milk.

Bournville Cocoa - I love it!

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..thanks to KIWI

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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 5

I DIDN'T answer Gastineau's last query. Instead, I said sharply, "'A' doctor or 'the' doctor, it makes no difference."

"But it does." The gentle voice was soothing and it filled me with sheer terror. "Of course it does. Come on, you are a realist; you are not a fool. We have discussed this already. You know where you stand." He was getting the upper hand. It was becoming his interview. I sidetracked in order to get it back again.

"Who was the deaf woman I saw at Barton Square?"

"The Ukrainian servant of my friend. She would have been alone in the house when you arrived."

"And who was the man with the umbrella?"

Gastineau was puzzled by that. I could see it in his face. "Where did you find him? In the kitchen?"

"Yes. What's more, I think he's followed us down here. He's been asking questions at the ambulance station."

This information did not alarm him in the least. He swept the news away with a flick of a finger.

"It may be someone who is employed by my friend in Barton Square. Women are inquisitive and sometimes jealous. There is nothing in that."

To my horror, I discovered that I was finding him reassuring.

"What was your reason?" I demanded suddenly.

He looked down at his knees, the wooden stiffness of his legs, and peered up at me from under his lids without moving his bent back.

"I was a tall man at one time," he remarked unexpectedly and with a detachment which I found unnerving. "I walked a great deal. Mountain-climbing was my hobby. I was also very sensitive to my surroundings. Sordidness, ugliness, anything dirty or cruel disgusted me physically."

He stopped, his flat eyes still watching me. "If you want to know you must listen to this. It won't take very long."

"Go on," I said.

Gastineau continued quietly, "There was a time in my life when I was in business in Stockholm. It was just before the war, and during that time I was able to do certain little services for my own country. I shall not explain them, but you must understand that they were secret. And, since I was able to enter into the high circles in Germany and Austria, of some little use. Do you understand?"

"You were a spy," I suggested bluntly.

"No. If that were true, I should be dead by now. No, I was, in effect, a confidential messenger, no more."

"I see."

He nodded and continued. "I was in love with a woman who was very much younger than I. She had come to the country with a dancing troupe which had been stranded, leaving her with a British passport and not much else. When I first saw her she was trying to persuade a business friend of mine to give her a job dancing and singing in his restaurant."

There was no actual change in his tone, which was still quietly conversational, but there was a force there which I recognised. It was an emotional thing. I knew it only too well.

"I was not very rich," he said slowly, "but I was not poor, and there was something indefinable about her which attracted me. I got her a job and I saw that she had something to wear. She accepted anything I offered eagerly; her passion to get on somehow—at all costs—amused me. I saw a great deal of her after that, and gradually a terrible thing happened to me and I fell in love with her."

He was still watching me.

"Not everybody loves," he observed at last. "With some people it is a ghost of a thing, a flare in the night which is bright and transfiguring, and then . . . gone. But with others —and I think you know all about this—it is a most dreadful power, frightening and devouring and inescapable."

"Guess what? Mary had a little lamb."

I tried to shut him out of my sympathies.

"I just want the facts," I murmured, as if he were describing a set of symptoms.

"But that is the fact," he protested. "You know that as well as I do. I loved this girl in that particular way, and, because she was the kind of woman she is, I was soon near ruin and I had to tell her so. I do not think I have ever horrified anyone more, even you, my dear doctor." He laughed a little, but not with amusement.

"Fortunately, I still had the little money on which I now live tied up in England, but by then the war had begun. The time came when I had to make one of my regular journeys to Berlin. Because I was in love with her I trusted her with a secret connected with my trip." Again he laughed mirthlessly.

"It was only a little thing, mercifully. I carried no papers. It was no more than that I had to go to a certain man and tell him that the answer was yes. In my complete infatuation, perhaps because I was insane enough to imagine it might make her think more of me, I let her know I was not going solely on business."

I knew what was coming. It was clear in his dark, ugly face. There was nothing to guess, even.

"Yes," he agreed, as if I had spoken, "she sold the information. I was of no further use to her, so she took the last there was to be got out of me. She whispered the news at a party where she was dancing, wearing a dress I had chosen for her and jewels I had given her. The man she told paid her in cash. When I reached the little house in the German capital, I was arrested. The rest I will not speak about!"

GASTINEAU brought the last words out with such passion, I half rose to my feet. I hardly recognised him in the blazing, bitter wreck before me. He thrust out his hands, which were already malformed, and his gesture embraced the rest of his warped and tortured body.

"You know," he said. "There is no more for me to tell you about that. You are a doctor. You can comprehend something of that imprisonment."

I said the one thing that I could say to that: "Are you sure?"

"Sure it was she? Sure it was done for money and to get rid of me? Yes." It was final, a very softly spoken word.

As I looked at him I knew what had happened to him. He was the ash of hatred. It had got him and poisoned him and made him mad.

He went on talking quietly again now, and almost pleasantly.

"I could not face discomfort and hideousness again. I could not risk any kind of imprisonment, anything ugly or terrible. I had to find a way to punish her that for me was quite safe. I had to have help. So when that other woman in Barton Square, who had always watched my affairs carefully, showed me a cutting from a magazine, and I found out that there was another person who had cause to hate Francia as much as I did——"

"No!" The word was jerked out of me and it sounded frightened.

He went on as if I had not spoken. "When I discovered that not only did such a person exist but that she was a doctor, someone in the ideal position to make what I had to do perfectly simple and perfectly safe, then I felt that there was justice in the world, and I . . . . came here to Mapleford to find you."

"Yes," I said cautiously. "But when you saw me didn't you realise that it wouldn't work?"

"When I saw you," he said contentedly, "I recognised you, or rather I recognised something in you. You were drowning yourself in work, hiding in it, but you were not quite escaping, were you? I saw that if I put the idea to you, you would do your best to have me certified insane, but I guessed that if the fait accompli were presented to you suddenly I should get my way and you would help me."

He threw the butt of his cigarette into the fire. "And I was right," he said.

"No." I spoke as quietly as he had done. He had ceased to terrify me. "You're making a mistake."

"I don't think so. You have imagination. You know what will happen to you if you do not do your part. There are too many coincidences for you to explain in any police inquiry. Besides, this is the woman who stole your man. Since then you have not even considered anyone else. Your neighbors have noticed it. 'The little doctor has taken a knock. She hasn't forgotten it.' Isn't that what they say?"

"Don't you see," I said gently, "all this happened some years ago? If I was upset then, I did nothing about it. Why should anyone believe that I should seek out Francia Forde now?"

I saw the doubt creeping over him. His own hatred had been kept alive so long by his sufferings, he had identified mine with it.

"But you stayed to-night."

"I hope to save her."

"You won't." It was as though he knew something I didn't. For a second he had me off balance.

"You decided to-night," he said. "That was why you sent for the nurse you felt you could trust. I could tell from the way you spoke to her that you were certain she would never give you away. Perhaps she is too stupid, or too dependent on you. It is one or the other."

"You're wrong." Now it was my words which were convincing. There was triumph in them; I couldn't keep it out. "I chose Nurse Tooley because I trust her more than I do myself. She's my sheet anchor."

That was the first time I frightened him. He understood exactly what I meant, as I had known he would.

"You wouldn't have dared." He was appealing, he was hoping, not accusing.

Please turn to page 56

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

CAN parents be human? Can we act in such a way that our children see us as people and not only as correctors or perfectionists?

Children think it is possible, and they will even suggest how. Here, for instance, is what a group of young people have suggested as ways in which their fathers and mothers can prove to the younger generation that they are really human:

(1) Admit that sometimes they make mistakes. The young folks say they have a lot more respect for parents (or for teachers) who, if they have jumped to a false conclusion, are frank about saying they have been wrong.

(2) Tell about their own childhood. Many a youngster doesn't realise that Dad and Mum were young. They are fascinated by tales of things that happened when Dad was a little boy or Mum was a little girl.

(3) Tell jokes. Being a parent needn't be such a grim sort of business. Youngsters appreciate very much their folks taking time to share jokes and funny stories with them.

Parents can be human.

(4) Act the fool now and then. Children find it great fun to be silly. They are delighted to find that parents can also be silly on occasions. If Dad can brush up on the current slang or Mother act in an extravagant way a movie she has seen, the young folks appreciate it.

(5) Let the youngsters be "grown up" now and then. Whether it is staying up later than usual, staying to talk with grown-up visitors, or some other way of forgetting one is small and dependent, being allowed to be "grown-up" helps a lot to develop a feeling that parents are also people.

Mrs Anthony Drexel Duke

Mrs. Duke is tiny and blonde—with a fascinating elfin charm that lights her face adorably. You love to watch Mrs. Duke's face—it is so undeniably lovely.

Mrs. Duke's clear soft skin makes you wonder how she cares for it. "I use Pond's," she says.

"I've never found a cream I like better than Pond's Cold Cream,"

says blonde, brown-eyed Mrs. Duke.

There is a beauty in *your* face that *only you can reveal*. And the loveliness you *show* can do more for you than you dream. Can bring you inward happiness, a social ease. That's why so much can depend on *how faithful* you are to those daily beauty habits that can help you *look* lovelier—*feel* self-confident.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Nothing quite equals good creaming for giving complexions that soft-and-fresh look. This special Pond's Cold Cream treatment can do charming things for you. Do this Pond's treatment *always* at bedtime (day cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give your face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This Pond's creaming acts on both sides of your skin. *From Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away dirt as you massage. *From Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation. Lovely Mrs. Duke says: "Pond's Cold Cream has a way of making my face feel particularly waked-up—ever so clean."

Always remember—beauty is a kind of genius to be encouraged in everyone. It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It makes you reflect a charming, happy confidence that brings friends wherever you go.

Get a jar or tube of Pond's Cold Cream today!

PC21

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GOOD ON SANDWICHES

Meadow-lea

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TWO HANDY FORMS POWDER AND CAKE

A super-shine as you clean —it's yours with Bon Ami Cleanser. Grit-free Bon Ami can't scratch the shiny surfaces of your sinks, bath, pots and pans . . . and it's kind to your hands, too. No wonder millions of women won't use any other cleanser. Buy it . . . try it . . . and see for yourself!

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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 55

STILL with the trace of uncertainty, Gastineau went on: "It was the only thing which made me wait so long. You give this profession of yours the passion you ought to give a lover. It is a religion with you. Yet you'll ruin your career if you don't go through with this."

"Should the patient die I shall have to risk that."

He lay back in the chair and stared at me. There was astonishment there—that and chagrin. And at that precise instant something happened which defeated me. It was the unkindest trick pure chance ever played. The telephone bell began to ring.

Gastineau was between me and the instrument, and he took up the receiver.

"Yes. Yes, I will tell her; she is here. Who shall I say is calling?"

I was watching him and I saw the change in his face. The blood raced into its greyness and his eyes grew bright. He turned to me with a smile of victory.

"It is for you. Dr. John Linnett."

It was nearly half a minute before I took the receiver. My first impulse had been not to take it at all. When I did, my hand shook and I held my elbow to keep it still.

John's voice came through, strong and natural and faintly apologetic: "Ann, this is to warn you. I'm running down to say good-night."

"Oh, no," I said firmly; "no, I shouldn't do that."

"Why not?" I knew that tone of John's. I had heard it a thousand times, from nursery days on. It meant he was going to have his own way.

"I shan't keep you a minute," he said. "I'll be at the front door in something under a quarter of an hour. I shall ring the bell like a proper little practitioner and ask for you, and you're to come out. Do you hear? Got that? Just say 'Yes,' and tell whoever's listening it's the Ministry of Health."

"No," I said again, but he rang off.

I looked up at last to find Gastineau considering me speculatively. I said nothing. Presently I turned to go out of the room.

As I reached the doorway, he said, "At any rate, we know each other a little better, doctor."

I left him sitting there and went up the stairs again and across the deserted upper hall. From the grandfather clock in the corner I saw that I had not been away more than twenty minutes. I could have believed it twenty years.

Nurse Tooley had the door locked, and she arrived in something of a flutter in answer to my tap.

"Oh, it's you, praise be," she said. "I was wondering if I'd call you."

I looked at the bed eagerly, but she shook her head. "No change at all, poor soul. The heart's keeping up, though."

"Thank goodness," I said fervently. There was not a lot more I could do. While her heart remained strong and there was no sign of lung trouble, it was best to let the body do what it could for itself.

Nurse Tooley kept her bright eyes on my face. She was more flushed than usual and there was a hint of defiance in her which was new to me.

"Will you look here, doctor?" She pointed to something on the dressing-table and we went over to it together. It was the green plastic envelope which I had found in the bathroom and had not had time to examine properly. Nurse had been more thorough. The entire contents were laid out neatly on a folded towel, ready for me to see.

"It's the only thing in the world the poor thing has with her," she confided to me in a whisper, "or so you'd imagine from the nakedness of this room."

I glanced at the exhibits and looked again. The usual paraphernalia were all there, but there was something else, something new which I had not found in my interrupted search. It was a little heap of small white pills and the sodden screw of paper which had once contained them.

There were twenty-two of them, battered and sticky, but still recognisable. I could make out a Roman numeral stamped on the surface of the one I picked up.

I could guess what it was before I touched it with my tongue and tasted the bitterness.

"What is it, doctor?"

"I don't know." I spoke woodenly because my heart had sunk with a thud. This explained the mystery of the deep and prolonged coma which had been puzzling me. It also explained Gastineau's belief that Francia would die.

"It's one of them." Nurse Tooley's conviction echoed my own. "Something. You see, she's been in the habit——"

I cut her short. She had gone straight to the point, as usual. That was what this discovery meant. Francia Forde was in the habit of taking barbituric acid in some form, and one of its peculiarities is that it is cumulative.

It remains in the system a considerable time. Therefore, the sudden dose of dormital must have merely added to the sum already in her body. There was no knowing what the total might be.

That it was a habit was clear. The patient who is given a few grains by his doctor to take in case of insomnia hardly keeps them loose in a sponge-bag. This contempt indicated a very considerable familiarity. I supposed she had been given them after her "breakdown."

While I was digesting this appalling consideration, Nurse Tooley made a remark which took some seconds to register on me.

"Well, at any rate we know what it is. That's a tremendous comfort if anything should happen to the poor thing."

It was the way she said it which startled me. There was a note in her voice which I had never heard there before. It matched the hint of defiance I had noticed in her manner. She was guilty about something.

MY eyes strayed across the room, past the vast bed with its tragic little burden and over to the chest. The lustre jug had been moved several inches nearer to the wall. I turned to the nurse and looked at her. She became very red.

When I went to the chest and looked, the jug was empty.

"Nurse."

Her back was to me. She was poking the fire and making a blaze. The flame and her face were just about the same color. She took a minute to make up her mind and then straightened her back, the iron poker still in her hand.

"I soaked off the label and put it in the fire, and I smashed up the bottle on the hearth and put the pieces down the drain. So now you know."

I couldn't believe it. The statement took all the breath out of my body. I must have goggled at her. She came a step or two forward, still grasping the poker.

"Now look, doctor, dear," her accent broadened, "I'm an old woman by the side of yourself and I'm imploring you. There's never one word will be passed between the two of us or any other living soul on the subject again. There's no one knows better than I do what people will do. They'll pick up something out of your bag and leave it lying around for the first poor crazy thing that comes to the house to pick up."

She was so earnest that her kind eyes were full of tears.

"I know. I've seen even more than you have. But you're a fine doctor, conscientious, and as brave as a lion, and I'm not going to see you held up while the coroner makes damaging remarks on carelessness and suchlike rubbish. As soon as I saw those little pellets in her sponge-bag, I said to myself, 'Here's something that will do, sent by the Lord.'"

Had I heard it at any moment but that one I could have laughed. As it was, I nearly wept. This was the first thing that she or I had done in the whole business which was actually wrong.

We might have been silly but we hadn't been criminal. Without this I could have told my story and stuck to it and held my head up and prayed that the truth would save me. But this destroying the bottle proved that we knew what was happening.

"Have I made a fool of myself?"

"No," I said hastily, trying to forget that I'd been relying on her for moral support. "No, it'll be all right——" and get no further, because a tap on the door interrupted me. The nurse went over and came back with a note.

"The foreign manservant's waiting outside for an answer," she murmured.

The letter was from Miss Luffkin and it was typical:

"My Dear Doctor: Very worried indeed to gather someone so ill. What can I do? Do not hesitate to ask anything. Would milk pudding help? Have some real rice, sent in parcel nephew America. Have telephoned Doctor Ludlow, since did not care to interrupt your work. He says not to worry as you are very capable.

"Know that, of course, but feel you are so slight and young. Forgive me. I see you have that good nurse with you so suppose you can manage, but perhaps Doctor Ludlow will run down. Always remember I am here. Ever yours sincerely, Gertrude Elizabeth Luffkin.

"P.S.: Have spoken on phone to Miss Farquharson, Mrs. Durroway, and Betty Phelps in the village. They all say you must let them know if there is anything they can do to help. Shall run down with this myself."

It was the final line which I found most alarming, and I went to the door to speak to Radek. He seemed to share my anxiety, for he pointed to the floor below and put a thick finger over his lips.

I took his tip and pencilled "Nothing now, but thank you. Please don't worry, but get some sleep.—A.F." on the back of the envelope and sent him down with it. I felt safer when the door was locked again.

I went back to the bed. Percy might turn up if she had been worrying him. It would hasten matters if he did. I had made up my mind to be quite frank with him and to take what was coming.

Please turn to page 57

Beauty in brief:

Beauty pick-up

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A case of winter sniffles may pose problems in grooming; here are a few hints to help offset a cold hang-over.

APPLY a bit of camphor ice to tender areas around the nose to ease discomfort and tone down redness.

● Camphor ice also has a healing effect when smoothed on tender or cracked lips.

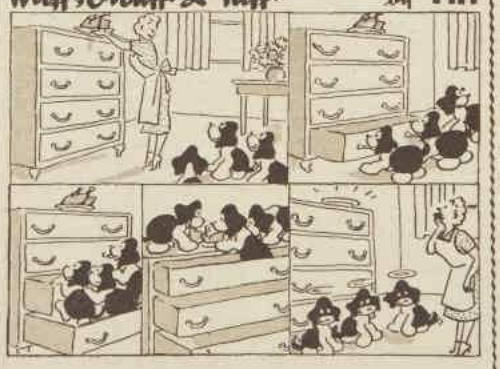
● A warm oil face mask followed by face massage will help counteract dry, scurfy skin. For the mask, cut a piece of muslin to fit your face, steep it in warmed oil (olive or toilet paraffin), spread muslin over the face, and allow it to soak for ten minutes. Finish with massage.

● As an emergency measure, give yourself a dry shampoo. Part hair off into numerous small sections and shake talcum powder along the partings; brush solidly to make sure that all powder is removed.

● If you need to direct special attention to your finger-tips to prevent dried cuticles cracking or becoming ragged, careful filing and the extra spot of oil or cream lubrication should do the trick.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 56

I WENT over the patient again. The breathing had not changed, the pulse was faint, and the temperature had risen half a degree. She was bathed in perspiration. The lungs were still all right.

"What a pretty woman," said Nurse Tooley, her homely face full of pity. "She's put me in mind of someone I've seen somewhere. Maybe one of the angels in the pictures. It would be that fair hair, no doubt. Do you know who she is at all?"

"Yes," I said. "Her name is Forde."

It meant nothing to Nurse Tooley, but it carried full weight with me. Until then I had striven to achieve the impersonal attitude which a doctor must preserve if he is to do any good and yet not tear himself to a rag.

The chance remark had broken it down, and from that moment on her identity was as real to me as if I had been confronted with her alive and well. I could see her walking on those long slender legs, turning that perfectly shaped yellow head and smiling.

I checked myself. This was not the time to bear even the reflection of jealousy. The new information made things just as bad as they could be. I began to see just exactly what was most likely to happen.

The probability was that in the next twenty-four hours the coma would become even deeper and the heart, despite my stimulants, would slowly fail. Then, in the dawn perhaps, defeating all our efforts, with Nurse Tooley and me looking at her, both of us impotent and exhausted, it would flutter and be still.

We should try artificial respiration; we should try everything. But it would be hopeless, as I ought to have known it would be, and I would do what I had to do—tell the police.

I had no illusions. I could see the rags of my career fluttering down over me like dead leaves. If that was all, I should be lucky. If Gastineau stuck to the story he was clearly intending to tell, I would find myself on a criminal charge, for this was Francia, and I hated her.

Somehow or other, I had to save her life and have her still tied to John. Otherwise, very probably I would find myself arrested for murder. And I was not going to be able to save her.

That conviction crept into my consciousness like a very small, thin knife entering a vital part. It gave me that physical sense of extreme danger and despair which is like nothing else.

"Look out!" It was Nurse Tooley. She came round the bed and caught my arm. "You have overdone it, doctor, me dear. I don't want you on my hands as well. Put your head down. Wait, I'll get a chair and have you round in a jiffy."

I drew away from her and attempted a laugh.

"I'm all right," I said. "Honestly. Look. Perfectly steady now. It was a little hot in here."

"I believe you're right." Her relief was tremendous. "You gave me quite a turn for a moment. Upon me soul, every shred of color went out of your face. You looked like a corpse. I'll get meself down to the kitchen and see if anyone in this benighted house can make a Christian cup of coffee."

It seemed a most sensible suggestion, and I returned to the bed and she went out. But she was back in a moment, very startled and put out.

"It's himself, the foreigner, standing on the landing. He wants a word with you in private," she whispered. "He said he'd not got as far as knocking, and I think it's true."

"I'll go," I murmured. "Stay with the patient."

Gastineau was waiting for me, and it was evident that something had happened. He was angry and his stiff hands were trembling.

"What have you done?" he demanded. "The police have been on the telephone."

"The police?" I had not known I could start so guiltily. "What about?"

"That is what I want to know. I told them you were busy with your patient, who was very ill, and they asked would you ring back."

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly ten, late for ordinary business calls from the police or anyone else. Gastineau was eyeing me suspiciously.

"Have you no idea at all?"

"None."

"Have you communicated with them in any way?"

"No."

His catechism had the merciful effect of annoying me and restoring my wits.

"I can't imagine what they want," I said briskly. "We'd better go and see. You can listen to the conversation if you want to."

He gave me the half-admiring glance I had seen from him once or twice before and came awkwardly down the steps behind me. His experience had crocked him very badly, I reflected. He must have been continually in pain.

I made for the telephone and had almost reached it when Radek came hurrying past me from the kitchen to answer the front-door bell. As he swung the wood open I looked up, and all thought of the phone or the police went out of my head in a wave of dismay.

John was standing on the step, his coat collar turned up and his shoulders dark with rain. He saw me at once and did not smile.

"Oh, there you are, Doctor Fowler," he began with becoming formality. "Can I speak to you for a moment, please? I have a message for you. It's rather urgent. Will you come out to the car?"

I was prepared for Gastineau to protest and braced myself to avoid an introduction at all costs, but when he made no movement forward, but limped back to the living-room, I knew that he had either recognised John's voice from the telephone or his face from a photograph.

So, henceforth, John was implicated, however much I tried to save him. Meanwhile, John had stepped into the house and put the rug he had brought round my shoulders. He said nothing, but bundled me off, and I was outside and into the car before I could protest.

He shut me in and went round to the driving seat, opened the door, and glanced not at me but at the dark well behind me.

"Well, this is the place," he said cheerfully to someone in the blackness. "If you want Peacocks Hall, this is it."

I dragged away the shrouding rug, which had all but blinded me, just in time to see a tall, apologetic figure climbing out.

"How stupid of me. Thank you very much, sir; thank you. Dear me, I had no idea we had arrived."

I recognised that misleadingly helpless voice on the first syllable.

"Very good of you," it was saying. "I shall go round to the back door, I think. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

He looked back, saw me, and raised his hat politely in recognition before he disappeared in the downpour, still clutching his unopened umbrella.

I think that was the final shock which broke me. I heard myself babbling, apparently from a long way off, "Oh, why did you bring him here? Why? Who is he? Who is he?"

"Here . . . Hey, old lady, what's up?"

"Who is he?" I repeated. "Tell me—who—"

A STRONG, damp arm took a grip round my shoulders, but I kept on gibbering, powerless to control myself: "Where did you find him? Where?"

"That old boy? On the road just outside your cottage. He hailed me and asked me if I knew of a place called Peacocks. I told him to get in and I'd take him there. I shoved him in the back because he was so wet and I wanted to keep this pew dry for you."

This reasonable explanation all but paralysed me.

"But that's the man who was at Barton Square," I chattered. "That's the man who followed——"

"Stop it." The flat of his hand caught me sharply across the wrist and the stinging pain brought me to myself. I heard my sob of relief as I regained balance.

John's grip round me tightened and he pulled me to face him in the faint glimmer from the dashlight. The familiar bones of his face and the tones of his voice were sources of actual physical strength to me. I felt, absurdly, that I was home again.

"Listen, Annie, I've had a chat with Rhoda and I know who your patient is. Tell me, what is she up to?"

"It's not that." I had got myself in hand again. "You must go home at once, John. She's going to die."

"Francia?" He whistled softly. "Oh, I see what you mean." There was no deep concern there. To my disgust, I found I'd listened for it. "What's the trouble?"

"An overdose of barbituric acid, various forms."

I felt him go stiff at my side, and he swore.

"Exactly." I spoke very softly and urgently. "That's why you've got to vanish. It's for my sake quite as much as your own. You do see, don't you?"

"Coroner's inquest and stir-up generally? And me calling on you? What have I let you in for? Yes, you're right, Ann. The only thing I can do is to beat it."

I think it was my very silence which gave me away. I was so anxious for him to escape it all that I could hardly breathe. He guessed. He knew me too well. His grip grew tighter.

"Ann, speak up. Why did she take the stuff?"

I didn't lie to him. I couldn't. Besides, he'd have to know sooner or later. I moistened my lips.

"She didn't. She had it given her."

The words sank into the silence and their tiny echo hung in the darkness for a long time. John moved. He removed his arm from my shoulder and laid his hand over mine.

"Just give the facts," he said softly. "The whole thing. Start at the beginning. Don't try to go too fast."

I gave up trying to resist. It was like telling myself. I went through the whole thing, keeping my voice normal, even conversational. It was just one doctor telling another about a case.

I hid nothing. I let every damning circumstance have its full value—the dormital, Nurse Tooley's destruction of the bottle, the ordering of the ambulance, the visit to Barton Square, and the man I'd seen there. Then all that had transpired in my latest interview with Gastineau—everything.

Please turn to page 59

Candid camera in Russia

AN American who lived for three years in Russia took many photographs that show ordinary Russians and the everyday lives they lead.

When he left he smuggled the uncensored negatives out with him.

They show sides of Soviet life that officially released Russian photographs never show.

They show that Stalin's technique is like that of Potemkin, the eighteenth-century paramour of Catherine the Great of Russia.

Potemkin built a series of "Potemkin Villages," with fancy facades fronting the main highways, to hide the seamy side of Russian life from his Empress.

The uncensored photographs are reproduced as a special seven-page feature in A.M. for June, on sale everywhere on Monday.

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By RUD

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA are forced on to a raft when wild animals chase then in the African jungle. Cannibals watch from the bank, and then a huge hippo overturns them into the crocodile-infested water. They are washed ashore, and the cannibals lead them to their king and his fat wives. Lothar speaks their language, so Mandrake asks him to tell them that if they eat them they will never eat meat again. NOW READ ON:

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CLINTON-WILLIAMS

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 57

JOHN listened to me in silence to the end. Then he bent down and kissed the top of my head very lightly.

"Added to which, you and I were discovered by old Doctor Consequential in each other's arms this very afternoon." He made the statement with finality and opened the door of the car.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Coming in." He leaned over the seat and hauled a battered leather bag out of the back. "I've seen a couple or so of these cases. I'd better stay."

"That," said I, coming out of a trance, "is pure madness. You can't attend your own wife, John. You're jeopardising everything."

"My dear girl," he objected, "everything is jeopardised, as you call it. You and I might as well be in the dock this minute."

"I might," I agreed. "But not you."

He made no reply to that, but continued his manoeuvres.

"Come on," he said.

"I won't let you do this," I said. "I refuse to allow it. I won't let you ruin yourself for my sake."

He came round to open my door for me and bent to help me out. His face was expressionless.

"Then perhaps you'll let me do it for hers," he said distinctly.

It was the same technique as the slap, but applied emotionally. Even though I recognised it, it had its effect. It reminded me exactly where I stood.

A man had jilted me and made a fool of me, and four years later he had walked into my house and held out his arms. Without the faintest hesitation, I had pitched myself neatly into them. It wouldn't be difficult for me to discover that I'd got exactly what I deserved for that. It broke down my resistance.

"I must phone the police as soon as I get in," I said. "I told you."

"Yes. Any idea what that's about?"

"No. Unless this man you brought here has anything to—to do with them."

John considered. "I rather think not. Better get in and find out."

We went quietly back to the house. There was no one in the hall, and as he slipped off his wet things I got on the phone. I was answered at once by a catarrhal voice.

"'Ullo, doctor, that you? Mapleford Division of the County Constabulary 'ere. It's a little matter of a dangerous drug."

"Yes," I said faintly.

"Dormital. I'll spell it, if I may." The thick voice was heavily official. "D-O-R-M-I-T-A-L. One two-ounce bottle containing fifty five-grain tablets or cachets. Is that right?"

"Tablets, not cachets."

"Tab-lets." He was writing, taking his time. "Thank you, doctor. Reported lost at three p.m. on the twelfth instant. Sorry to bother you when you're busy, but records are records and have to be kept. Now it 'as come to our knowledge, in a highly irregular way, that there is every likelihood of you 'aving found these 'ere tablets by this time——"

"What?" I felt my scalp prickling.

"Pardon, doctor." He was heavily polite. "Doctor Ludlow was having a chat with our Inspector Brush, and it was said —— Have you in fact found these tablets, doctor?"

Don't lie. Whatever you do, don't lie. Every instinct I possessed ,seemed to be screaming at me. I could have screamed myself, I think, but presently I heard my own voice, very crisp and formal.

"Yes, I have," it said. "A few hours ago. Since then I have been very, very busy, as I am at this moment. I will make my report in writing tomorrow morning. Good-bye."

I hung up and walked out into the hall. I felt as if the rope was already round my neck.

John was waiting for me, his eyebrows raised. I gave him a murmured explanation and he frowned.

"Awkward. Still, the only thing you could have done in the circumstances. What a mess! Why is your old boss so anxious to keep quiet about the stuff?"

"He has a horror of scandal."

I was looking at his face and I saw his wide mouth twitch and the flicker in his eyes. It was the most characteristic grin in the world, expressing pure humor, sardonic and his own. It brought the reality of his return home to me more vividly than anything else had done.

"Unlucky man," he murmured. "Now, where is your avenging lunatic?"

I pointed to the living-room door. "And the kitchen quarters are down there at the back," I said. "That man who came with you——"

He shook his head. "None of that is our affair. We're doctors, not policemen. Where's the patient?"

He was right, of course. I felt rebuked for even thinking of anything else, and I led him up the staircase to the dark landing. The nurse admitted us with suspicious promptness.

"There you are, doctor," she began with relief, but stopped abruptly as she caught sight of John.

He followed me into the room and she closed the door behind us. I made a brief introduction, murmuring something vague about a second opinion, and they shook hands, but her eyes turned to mine with a question in them. She was far more jumpy than I was, and she had not even begun to grasp the horror of the situation, poor darling.

I smiled at her as reassuringly as I could and we both watched John, who had walked over to the bed. It was a difficult moment for me. As must have appeared already, my trouble is that I am human.

I followed him slowly, the nurse behind me, every starched yard of her crackling. The bed was a pool of light in the shadowy room. Francia was still completely comatose as she lay there, terribly still. Only her breathing had changed. It was shallower now and very fast.

AS John studied Francia, fingers on her pulse, I tried to guess what his thoughts were. But his eyes were mere slits and his face blank as a wall. I knew that look. The mantle of impersonal professional interest had dropped over him, shutting out every consideration save one. The woman before him was nothing to him but a faulty machine whose troubles he might be able to cure.

Quite probably he had scarcely recognised her. But at the same time I made a bitter discovery about myself. To me she was no interesting machine. To me she was Francia Forde, and, while John was present, so she would always be.

The routine went on. John scrubbed up and made his examination, with the nurse assisting and growing more and more approving at every stage. I approved myself with what was left of a balanced intelligence.

I had never seen him at work before and I understood then why his career had been thought so promising. He had thoroughness and the authority of knowledge, and never for a moment while he was at work did a single extraneous thought appear to pass through his mind.

When at last it was over, he straightened his back and his face was very grave.

I prepared to make my report to him. The nurse brought the tablets she had found in the sponge-bag, and I sent a flush of horror through her cheeks by describing the dormital in detail. We went into the time factor and the nurse showed her charts. Finally we came to my treatment so far.

John kept his eyes on my face, putting in questions and nodding at my answers, and all the time we might have been two other people.

As I finished I saw that he had become haggard. He looked older and even thinner. As I looked at him, my own courage began to ebb. The nightmare which was the future settled down over me more terrible now than it had ever been, since he was in it.

Until John had arrived I could have forgiven the woman on the bed. Now, as I looked at her, I found I had not even pity.

"Very sensible and very thorough, doctor." He gave me a brief smile as he spoke, and it occurred to me that even I was no longer a real person to him either.

"Is there anything else?" I asked.

"I have used strychnine," he said.

There was a long silence. I knew that some authorities advocated large doses at comparatively frequent intervals, but the danger was tremendous.

"I thought of it only as a last resort," I answered at last.

He moved his head sharply towards the patient. His voice was very quiet. "I don't think there's all that time."

The nurse stood behind him, digesting every word, and I saw her nod to herself vigorously. So it was two to one, and I was overruled. Nurse Tooley's opinion carried weight with me. If she saw death, it was coming; I had no illusions about that.

She had more experience of it than either of us, and there is something about it which does not belong to doctors or books. Its ways are known only to those who have watched for it and seen it steal in again and again through the years.

When John spoke of the size of the dose, I felt the sweat break out on my forehead. I had hesitated to give a sixteenth; he was mentioning a sixth.

I was on the other side of the bed, watching Francia, all the time he was talking, and I thought I saw a faint deterioration, an almost imperceptible change. I knew then there was nothing for it. We should have to take the risk.

To be concluded

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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